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THE INDEX

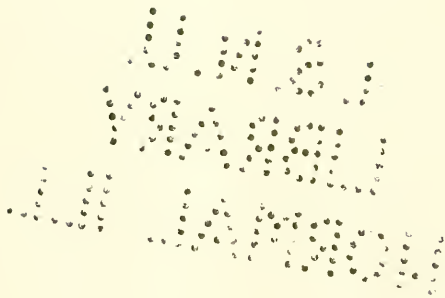
Volume XVI, 1906



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIORS OF THE ILLINOIS
STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY, NORMAL, ILL.

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To
George H. Howe
the Class of nineteen hundred six
affectionately dedicate this book.





GEORGE H. HOWE, Ph. D.

not acc'd

George Henry Howe.

The Howe family traces its history in America back to the year 1634 when several representatives came over from England and settled in Salem, Massachusetts. Some years later one branch of the family moved up into Vermont and still later, about 1800, into northeastern Pennsylvania and settled at Orwell, Bradford county. Two brothers enlisted in 1776 in the War of Independence, one of them being killed at Ticonderoga and the other, the great-great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, taking part in the historic engagements at Lexington and Concord.

George H. Howe was born at Orwell, Pennsylvania, and there spent the early years of his life. After completing the work offered in the village school, at the age of fifteen he was sent by his father to Towanda, the county-seat of Bradford county, to continue his studies at the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute, a high-grade college-preparatory school. For the next three or four years his time was divided between study and teaching, study in the fall and spring and teaching short term schools in the winter. He then taught for one year a ten-months school at Hohokus, Bergen county, New Jersey, a suburban residence town about twenty miles from New York City.

About this time, success as a teacher and a thoro liking for the work turned Mr. Howe's attention to the claims of teaching as a profession. As the ambition for further successes grew he began to perceive the necessity for special preparation and training. The outcome was the adoption of teaching as a life work, and the next step took him to the State Normal School at Oswego, New York. Here he spent nearly three years, graduating from the classical course in 1882. While at Oswego he made an excellent record as student and teacher, as evidenced by the fact that twice since graduation he has been invited to return to a position in the Normal School faculty.

The next five years were spent in Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama. This institution is a mission school patterned somewhat after the plan of Fisk University and supported as a denominational school by the Congregational Church. It is a school employing none but white teachers who have been educated in the north. The plan provided a complete system of schools from the kindergarten thru the college, the latter being

divided into the classical, theological, and agricultural departments. Mr. Howe was principal and executive head of the elementary and secondary schools, including the grades, high school, normal school, and college preparatory departments.

The engagement at Talladega occupied eight months of each year, and during the remaining four months, when because of the climate northern people cannot well remain in Alabama, Mr. Howe was pursuing his studies at various schools in the north. Special work was done at the Chautauqua Summer School in economics and psychology, and at Cornell University in Mathematics.

In 1887 Mr. Howe was elected professor of mathematics in the State Normal School at Warrensburg, Missouri, the largest of the three state normal schools in Missouri. Here he remained fourteen years, being promoted to the vice-presidency in 1896, and to the presidency after the death of Mr. Osborne which occurred in November, 1898.

In 1888, by advanced credits on work done at the Oswego Normal School, Cornell University and elsewhere, and by examination, Mr. Howe was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy by the Illinois Wesleyan University. Then during a period of twelve years he worked on the non-resident post-graduate course of the same institution and in 1900 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Some special work was also done at the University of Chicago during this time.

In the fall of 1901 Mr. Howe was invited to come to the Illinois State Normal University to succeed Mr. Felmley as head of the department of mathematics. He has conducted this department during the five years with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the hundreds of students and teachers who have taken his work.

In 1893 Mr. Howe was married to Miss Lillian M. Stearns, of Kansas City, a former pupil of his at Warrensburg. Mrs. Howe's mother was an Emerson and a distant relative of the author of the same name.

Mr. Howe has been prominent in the church and social life of Normal and Bloomington. He organized and taught a bible class of thirty or forty young people in the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church at Normal until he was invited to become the superintendent of the Sunday school of the Second Presbyterian church at Bloomington. He is also a member of the Normal Literary Center and of the College Alumni Club of Bloomington.

WILLIAM T. BAWDEN.



Main Building

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Retrospect and Prospect.

The Illinois State Normal University is about to enter on its fiftieth year. Its past is rich in tradition, glorious in achievement. Great teachers presided in its class rooms; its students went forth filled with high resolve. From Boston to the Golden Gate they have made a profound impress upon the educational thought and practice of the age.

Change is the law of life. Educational institutions of the most venerable antiquity retain their prestige and their reputation only as they respond to the instant needs of the humanity they serve.

Hence the most worthy tribute we can pay to the virtues of the great souls of other days is not to copy after their practice, but rather to press forward with their spirit. We honor them not by doing as they did, but by doing as they would do now.

The last five years have seen much in the way of material advance. The annual appropriation for running expenses has risen from \$39,500 to \$61,300; the monthly payroll from \$3,250 to \$4,280. The buildings have been improved and adorned, new equipment and apparatus purchased, the grounds beautified with shrubs, vines, and flowers.

The attendance in the regular terms is 21 per cent less than in 1900-01; but the low point was reached two years ago. The enrollment of the present term is 95 larger than in May, 1904.

The summer school has shown an astonishing growth from 444 in 1900 to 916 in 1905. For the summer of 1906 twenty-one additional teachers are employed.

But mere expansion in number and resources is not the growth to be sought for. Quantity and quality are both factors of the final product, and in twentieth century education quality is to have the leading place. The old normal school made its reputation on the thoroness of its instruction in the common branches. Little else was taught in the common schools forty years ago. Now the field of education has widened. We send

the whole boy to school. Forms of training that formerly were left to farm-life, to the play ground, to the incidental lessons of experience now are given a place in the school curriculum.

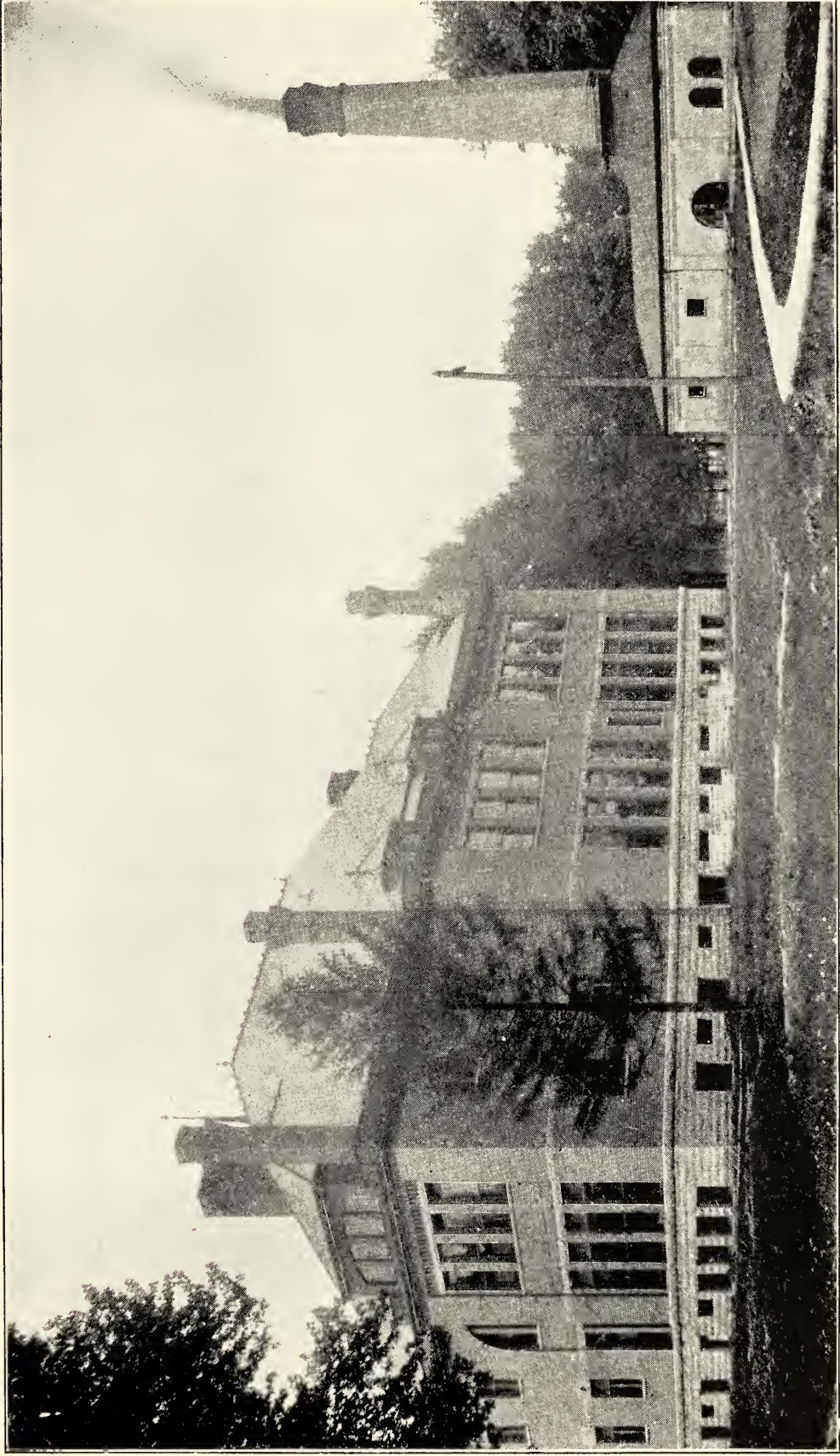
Recent changes in the normal school have been chiefly in adjustment to these new demands.

The required work in physical training has been trebled and systematized. Manual training introduced two years ago in the form of bench work suitable for grammar grades has expanded until the courses taught may cover three years of consecutive work. Nature study as related to the science of agriculture is growing alike in scope and popularity. The school garden and the greenhouse are proving valuable adjuncts in this work. Geography at the hands of Mr. Ridgley is taking on new interest. The thousands of stereographs now available in his department, the daily use of the stereopticon have brought freshness and a new reality to this subject. A new emphasis has been placed upon public speaking by the appointment of a special teacher in this field. Teachers ought to be leaders in the civic and social life of their communities as well as in the narrower educational interests. Effective leadership waits upon forceful speech.

The decision of the Supreme Court adverse to the present union of our training school with the local public system has obliged us to reorganize that department. We shall provide a complete graded school system from the kindergarten thru the high school. There will be ample means to make it a model school in every detail of its equipment. We regard this necessity as in some respects unfortunate. It would be better for the town to have a unified school system. With the material resources and stimulus that the normal school could bring to its aid, there would be a fair field for the realization of the ideal public school system. The success of the plan was doubtful in the face of the extensive local dissatisfaction; now it is declared impossible.

The lines of future advance are plain. First we need a new building to give ample space for physics and chemistry, bench work, library hand work, domestic art, household economics,

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The Training School

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and for the art department. This building should contain a modern auditorium on the main floor. In the vacated third floor of the main building we can fit up rooms for music, vocal, piano, and orchestral, and also a museum and laboratory for the department of geography. The influx of academic students under the Lindley act will soon require separate quarters for the academic department. These together with the upper grades of the training department will find suitable quarters in the rooms on the first floor rendered historic by their former dedication to this use.

But buildings, libraries, apparatus, are only the instruments. The strength of the school lies in its teachers and students; if these be earnest, aspiring, devoted, consecrated to the great cause for which the normal school stands, the future is secure.

DAVID FELMLEY.

In Memoriam.

ARNOLD TOMPKINS.

On August 14, 1905, Arnold Tompkins, once president of the Illinois State Normal University, died at Menlo, Georgia, of typhoid fever. He had had to leave his duties as president of the Chicago Normal School, in May, because of threatened illness; but had recovered sufficiently to feel that he could fill his institute engagements for the summer. En route to Knoxville, Tennessee, for the last of these, he was in a railroad wreck, from the nervous shock of which he did not recover. Unable to sleep, and hardly strong enough to stand, he fulfilled his Knoxville engagement by sheer force of will, and then went home, to his deathbed.

Dr. Tompkins was a native of Illinois. He was born near Paris, in 1850. He secured his education, so far as schooling was concerned, at the Indiana State Normal School, at Terre Haute, and at the University of Indiana. He taught for a time at DePauw University, as dean of the Normal Department, and later became Professor of Literature in the Indiana State Normal School. His Illinois work dated from 1893. He held the position of Professor of Education at the State University, from which he came to Normal in 1899 to become the president of the State Normal School. At the close of a year, he resigned to take charge of the Chicago Normal School.

It is difficult to put into words the significance of Dr. Tompkins' life. Many people, in many states of the union, heard him lecture. Still more met him thru his books. Some thousands knew him in the class room and in the president's chair. All give the same account of him. As a writer, a speaker, and an active teacher, he stood for the spiritualizing, the vivifying, of the work of the school teacher. He saw, and loved, great truths; and he had the gift of apostleship. One must see, must feel, must resolve, when listening to him; it was impossible not to be moved. But one could not forget the man, in the message; the big, brilliant, forceful, magnetic personality made

room in the listener's heart for itself as well as for the ideals which it preached. Everywhere the man was greatly beloved. The charm and brilliancy of his public speaking, remarked upon by thousands who came thus in contact with him, were equalled by his personal charm as a friend. His clear, penetrating eye, his genial smile, his kindly manner, his readiness to share the pleasures or the perplexities of those among whom he worked, disarmed the shyness and penetrated the reserve of his students. He seemed to them the incarnation of whole-hearted, helpful friendliness. The students in his classes here, in '99-'00, still speak, in their visits to Normal, of the inspiration of Dr. Tompkins' presence and his words. The members of his faculty here, as at Chicago, found in him encouragement and good cheer and helpful fellowship.

His beautiful ideals still represent him, in educational thought; and warm and vital memories of him hold his place in the minds and hearts of his friends. Sane, serene, and gentle, broad-minded and fair; generous in judgment and act; equally a poet and a philosopher; brilliant and eloquent; unswervingly loyal to his beliefs and to his friends; always impressing those around him with his sweet reasonableness and his warm-hearted humanity,—he was, and is, a power. His death was a personal loss to thousands of people, and the memory of his name and work is a thing to keep and think upon.

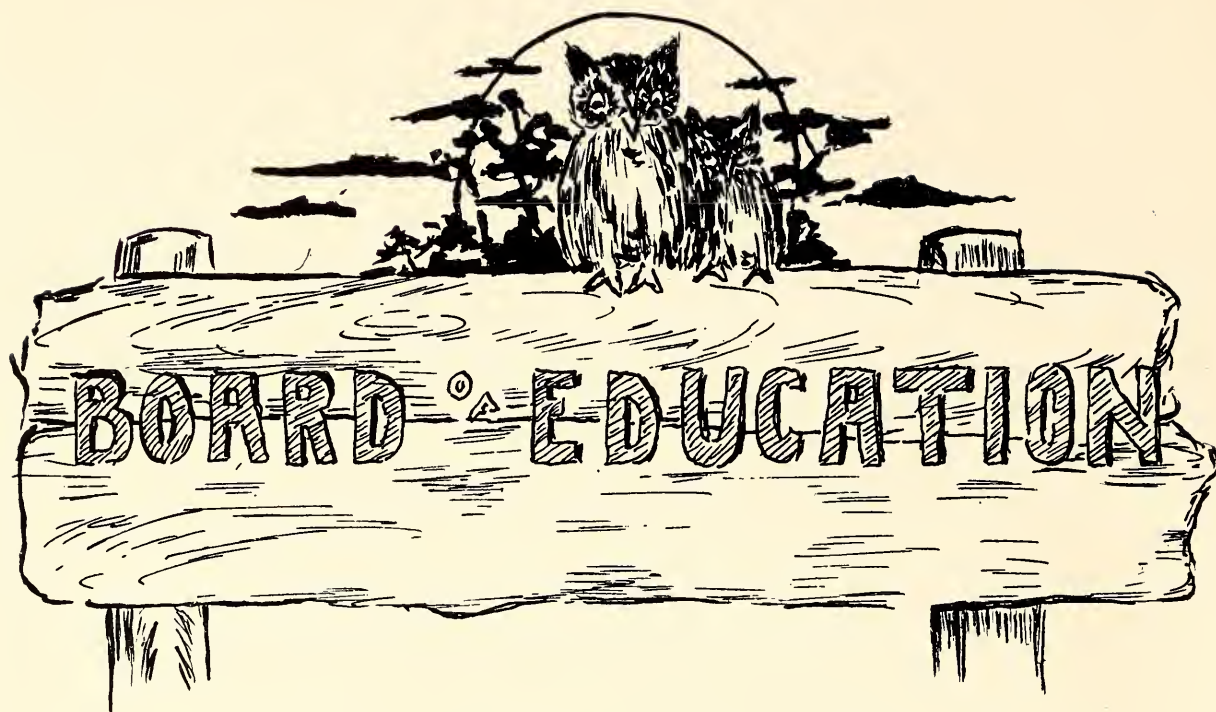
ELIZABETH MAVITY CUNNINGHAM.

In Memoriam.

MRS. HENRY McCORMICK.

Our little Normal community, school and town, has met bereavement. With the death of Mrs. McCormick forces of kindness and intelligence and justice and fellowship which have long made for good in our life here have ceased to be. The hearty clasp of the hand, palm to palm, the light in the eyes which came like sunshine into our days, we shall not know again. The voice, with its note of good cheer, is silent. The instinctive motherliness, the practical helpfulness, the strength and loyalty, that gave Mrs. McCormick's presence comforting and sustaining power, have passed out of our reach. The memory of these things abides with us and will ever abide. Most of us who have lived to middle age have come to know that no good which has ever really been, is every wholly lost; no friendship, no love that was ever really ours dies altogether out of our lives. The very beauty and strength of life and love in the dead which make bereavement bitter make memory sweet and give the heart power to endure. Mrs. McCormick's life was sweet and true and strong and loving. It remains thru memory a permanent force working with all the forces for good bequeathed to us by the noble dead and beneficent and active in good men and women yet living.

J. ROSE COLBY.



ENOCH A. GASTMAN, Decatur, President.

ALFRED BAYLISS, Springfield, Ex-Officio Member and Secretary.

CHARLES L. CAPEN, Bloomington.

WILLIAM R. SANDHAM, Wyoming.

E. R. E. KIMBROUGH, Danville.

MRS. ELLA F. YOUNG, 5342 Cornell Ave., Chicago.

PELEG R. WALKER, Rockford.

FORREST F. COOK, Galesburg.

JACOB A. BAILY, Tribune Building, Chicago.

GEORGE B. HARRINGTON, Princeton.

WILLIAM H. HAINLINE, Macomb.

JOSEPH L. ROBERTSON, Peoria.

B. O. WILLARD, Rushville.

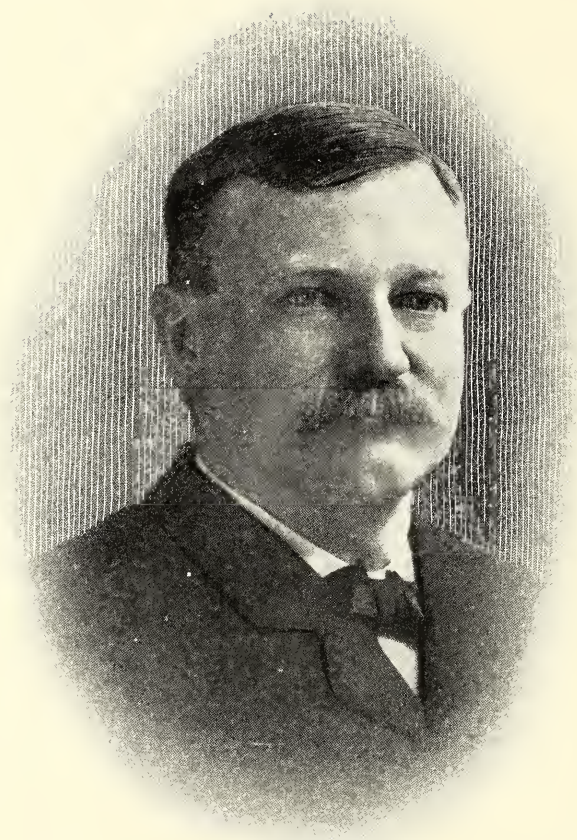
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W. Y. SMITH, Vienna.

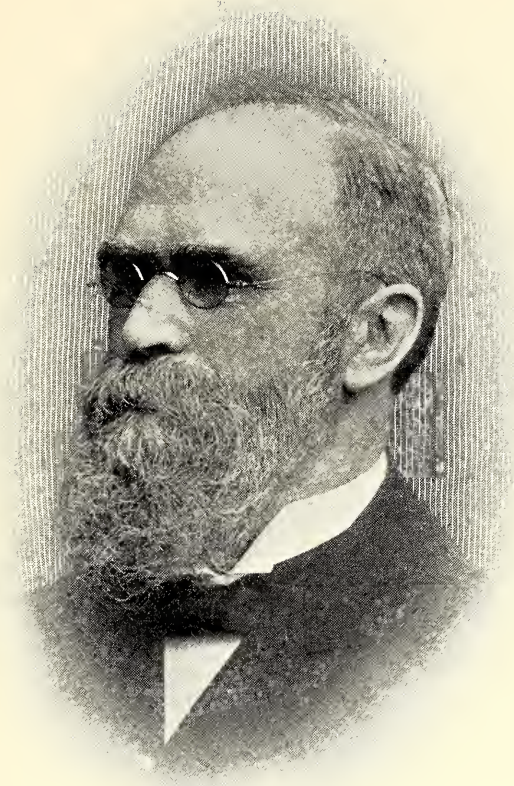
F. D. MARQUIS, Bloomington, Treasurer.



Gymnasium



DAVID FELMLEY, A.M., LL.D.



HENRY MCCORMICK, A.M., Ph.D.
Vice President and Professor of History.



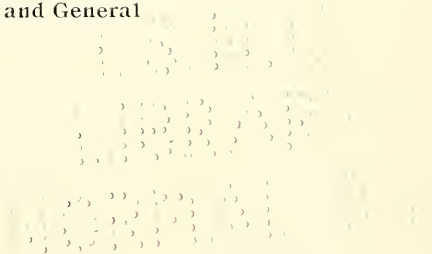
BUEL P. COLTON, M.A.
Professor of Biological Sciences.



O. L. MANCHESTER, M.A.
Professor of Languages and Economics.



MANFRED J. HOLMES,
Professor of Psychology and General
Method.





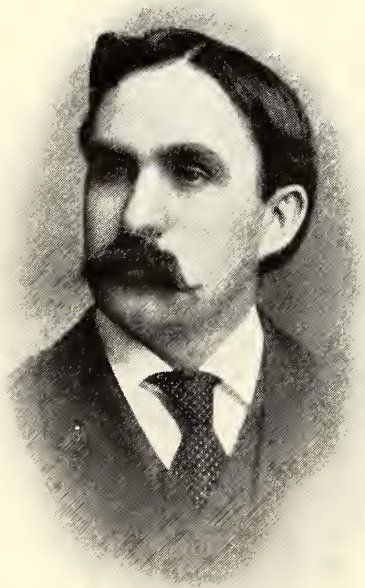
J. ROSE COLBY, Ph. D.
Preceptress and Professor of Literature.



ELIZABETH MAVITY CUNNINGHAM
Professor of the Science and Art
of Instruction.



CHESTINE GOWDY,
Teacher of Grammar



DOUGLAS C. RIDGLEY, A. B.
Professor of Geography



MARY HARTMANN, M. A.
Assistant in Mathematics



FREDERICK D. BARBER, B. S.
Teacher of Physical Science.



MRS. CORA McCULLOM SMITH,
Teacher of Reading.



IRENE BLANCHARD, B. A.
Assistant in Languages.



CLARISSA E. ELA,
Teacher of Drawing.



ELMER W. CAVINS,
Teacher of Penmanship and Orthography.



WILLIAM T. BAWDEN, B. A.
Teacher of Manual Training.



JOHN P. STEWART, M. A.
Assistant in Biology and Physics.



FRED W. WESTHOFF,
Teacher of Music.



HOWARD SPENCER WOODWARD
Teacher of Public Speaking.



FLORENCE L. LYONS,
Assistant in Languages.



MABEL L. CUMMINGS,
Director of Physical Training.



ISAAC NEWTON WARNER,
Principal of the Training School.



LORA M. DEXHEIMER,
Critic Teacher



CAROLEEN ROBINSON,
Kindergarten Director.



ALICE PERLE WATSON,
Critic Teacher.



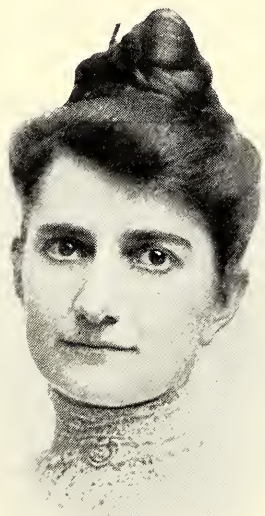
ROSA BLAND,
Critic Teacher.



JESSIE M. DILLON,
Critic Teacher.



LORA B. PECK,
Critic Teacher.



LURA EYESTONE,
Critic Teacher.



REBEKAH LESEM,
Critic Teacher.



BRUNO NEHRLING,
Gardener.



ANGE V. MILNER,
Librarian.



VIRGINIA MAC LOCHLIN,
Assistant Librarian.



FLORA PENNELL DODGE,
Stenographer.



The Senior Play.

August Waldauer's "Fanchon the Cricket," a domestic drama in five acts, was given by the seniors on Monday night of commencement week. The cast of characters follows:

Fanchon	Clara Coith
Father Barbeaud	Leonard McKean
Landry.....	Paul M. Smith
Didier	Henry Stice
Etienne	Paul McWherter
Pierre	James Rice
Coliin.....	W. D. McLemore
Martineau.....	R. R. Kimmell
Old Fadette.....	Rose McCauley
Mother Barbeaud	Ruth Evans
Madelon	Esther Seeley
Marlette	H. Ella Johnson
Susette	Hazel Brand
Annette	Eleanor Griggs
Pierette	Ida Mae Hatcher
Manon	Mrs. Anderson



CLASS SPEAKERS

Fred Telford
Emma Adele Kleiman

Mabel Claire Stark
Esther Seeley
Mary Alice Damman

Ralph Raymond Kimmell
Leonard Albert McKean

The Seniors Indulge in a Little Class Spirit.

It happened. How it came about would be hard to explain. What happened would be harder to explain. Suffice it to say a few seniors for a few minutes became totally oblivious of their proper duties, and decided that something "must be doing."

No better time for so singular a declaration could be imagined. We had just witnessed one of the best basket ball games of the season,—one of the kind in which some of the spectators forget themselves and yell. Almost every one left the Gym. in a good humor, while a few stayed behind in even better spirits. A few juniors lingered to supervise arrangements for their masquerade dance. Until they were gone one would hardly have noticed a bunch of wise heads compactly put together under the north end of the running track. They were not the only ones present for in a few minutes all were looking in the direction of one of the benches where Mr. Stewart and Mr. Woodward sat counting the coins from the admissions. The on-lookers' eyes were not glued on the coin but on the tempting bunch of keys dangling from Mr. Woodward's pocket. They shook their heads. Too rash a scheme. Time passed quickly, still they arrived at no definite conclusion.

The entrance of a few farmers slightly disguised by more rural apparel than usual made prompt decision necessary. So the group left the field to the juniors.

Settled quietly in a dark corner outside the building, they were able to witness the panorama moving toward the Gym. Too fast it moved. Something must be done. Oh, yes! Then away to a neighboring yard. Zip! zip! and they had a fine piece of clothes-line. If only the next junior who came might have a girl! Off goes a vest. Now they are ready. First the victim would have moonlight and starlight cut from his gaze.



Delphine Humphrey
Clara Symons

Edna Mabel Oathout
Agnes Irene Bullock

Laura Mabel Weber
Druzilla Camp

Elmer Roy Stahl
Lotta Orendorff

Then Paul was to fix the clothes line carefully, just tight enough to permit him to take short steps. Somebody was to say hep! hep! all the way to the assembly hall, after someone had found a lantern to light the way. Then we'd give the junior a rest. Just tie him to a seat in the assembly room and say good bye until we return with Asa P.

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." The next couple were two giggling girls. Would ever the right sort of couple come along? The girl might feel a little lonesome at first, but she could find her way to the Gym. and send in the alarm. Then the juniors would pour out of the hall and we'd catch a few more of them. But the couple never came.

Time and tide wait for no man neither do they wait for a man and a girl. Another scheme! Who had one? Yes. Catch a couple of lonely juniors and march them around the back of the Gym., borrow their masquerade suits and tickets, leave them bound hand and foot, and go to the dance. A few of the boys could get suits but the girls wouldn't consent to any such scheme.

Why didn't we stuff one of the girls' gymnasium suits between the strings of the piano? Why didn't we "swipe" the musicians' instruments while we tarried in the Gym.? Why didn't we sprinkle water on the floor? Why couldn't we yet? With the juniors there? Impossible! Get a ladder, put it in the proper place, cut the electric circuit, barricade the front door, attach a hose to the faucet in the boys' dressing room, and when the girls had the lights in the dressing room turned out for good, lift the hose up to the window, step on the running track and gently spray the dancers below. All right. Someone went for the hose. Others went for the ladder. The rest went to the front hall to manage the lights and barricade the door at the proper time.

Hist! Someone was in the vestibule. Ah! he was lifting his mask while she lifted her face to see his. "Ah, I knew it was you." They left. A masquerader swaggering along, accosted them and wanted to shake hands with the "girls," but they 'cut' him. He reeled into the door only to see, before him, a



Raymond E. Black	Jessie Leverne Rouse	Roy Barton
Katherine Evelyne Gingerich	Leo Stuckey	Mrs. Blanche Sager Stuckey
Georgia Viola Deane		Ruby Jones

Gold Dust Twin. "Ah, here's a little girl who will kiss me," he coaxed, and the Gold Dust Twin did the work. We gasped and wondered if it wouldn't be better to keep the chaperon in the vestibule.

The boys had returned. The ladder was in place but they couldn't fix the hose. Instead somebody brought along some flour. It would snow instead of sprinkle.

The lights went out. The snow came down. "Ohs" and "Ahs" came up. Some of the girls were locked in the Gym. When they escaped from the back windows of the Gym., they joined the hurrying seniors. The juniors danced later but Pillsbury's Best showed that something had been "doing."

The Rate of the Seniors.

Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwefly!
Swiftasameteor
Streakingthesky.

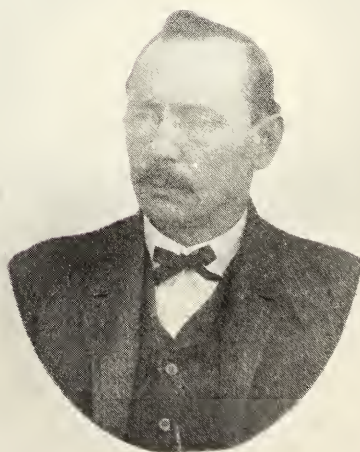
Whatisthatblur?
Onlythetrees.
Lookatthemwave;
Mywhatabreeze!

Ahonkandarush,
Aflashandasmell;—
Whatdidwehit?
Didsomebodyyell?

Ajarandascream—
Itlookedlikeahorse.
Notellingnow;
Keptothe course.

Outoftheroad!
Giveusashow!
Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwego!

—EX.



Lois Madeline Roberts

Ira M. Ong

Lena Gertrude Scanlan

Charles M. Gash

Mary Mamer

Mrs. Mary C. Bloomer Cherry

Marjorie Chamberlin

Franklin J. Snapp

The Seniors Celebrate.

Friday evening, March 30, almost all the seniors could have been found in Normal hall listening to Dr. Willet's lecture. Their attention was distracted from the thought of the evening by the apparent unrest of several of their classmates. To what it was due, none knew, the many conjecture. Gradually conferences between seniors became more frequent and knowing glances were exchanged. The juniors seemed to feel something in the air but failed to respond. Singularly enough, seniors who were accompanied by lower class-men disposed of their escorts in short order and repaired to the rendezvous provided by an enthusiastic member of the class.

The purpose of the meeting was duly stated altho the feeling of those present was sufficient evidence that such statement was superfluous. What were we going to do about it? The boys had beaten the juniors and a little reminder of our victory was not altogether out of place.

We realized that we were doing a hazardous thing. How delicious was the feeling that we were plotting against the powers that be and for the benefit of those who thought they were.

To hang the colors on the telephone wire would be but the repetition of a trite custom. To fly a pennant on the Gym. would mean more work for the janitor. To march solemnly from the east to the west hall during general exercises, bearing a stretcher carrying a battered junior dummy, would be too shocking. Perhaps it would be well to suddenly disclose a big '06 in general exercises. The difficulty of such an arrangement was evident in that those absentees from general exercises would miss seeing its unveiling. We had hoped that the majority of the school would get the benefit of the celebration.

Finally, a self-appointed committee on decoration devised a plan of procedure. Imitation stained-glass windows of orange and white were recommended. A spider web of crepe paper would make an excellent trap in which to play a black and red junior fly. An orange and white fringe on the junior boys' desks would act as a gentle reminder.

Ideas that were good in theory were hard to realize. Crepe paper could not be bought at a premium. A judicious use of the telephone was "the open sesame" to one of the drug stores where crepe paper and paste abounded in profusion. Some doubt prevailed as to whether furniture glue easily obtainable



Rose Aurilla McCauley
Edna Florence Coith
Clara Boyd

Ora Jessie Milliken
Ruth Evans

Ida Mae Hatcher
Lora Agnes Weir
Ida May Kline

in the work shop, would not be more economical. Considering the price of varnish and the wages of a painter to renovate the desks thus mutilated, library paste was preferred.

The question of the lighting of the enterprise was disregarded, owing to the fact that we relied entirely on our intellectual brilliancy. A lantern was out of the question. A "bull's eye" lantern savored too much of the midnight prowler, and the girls feared such might arouse the suspicions of the city marshal. We compromised on a harmless electric pocket light provided each would take his turn in pressing the button.

Armed with the necessary articles, with stealthy footsteps we filed over the campus to the west entrance of the basement. A skeleton key admitted us into the dark abyss. Hushed calls from some one to "press the button" revealed the feelings of the more timid. Disappointment soon followed an attempt to light the way. The pocket light cast a three inch circle of light on the wall opposite. After catching hold of hands, crack-the-whip fashion, the one with the light led us up the stairs. We then all lined up to take our turn pressing the button.

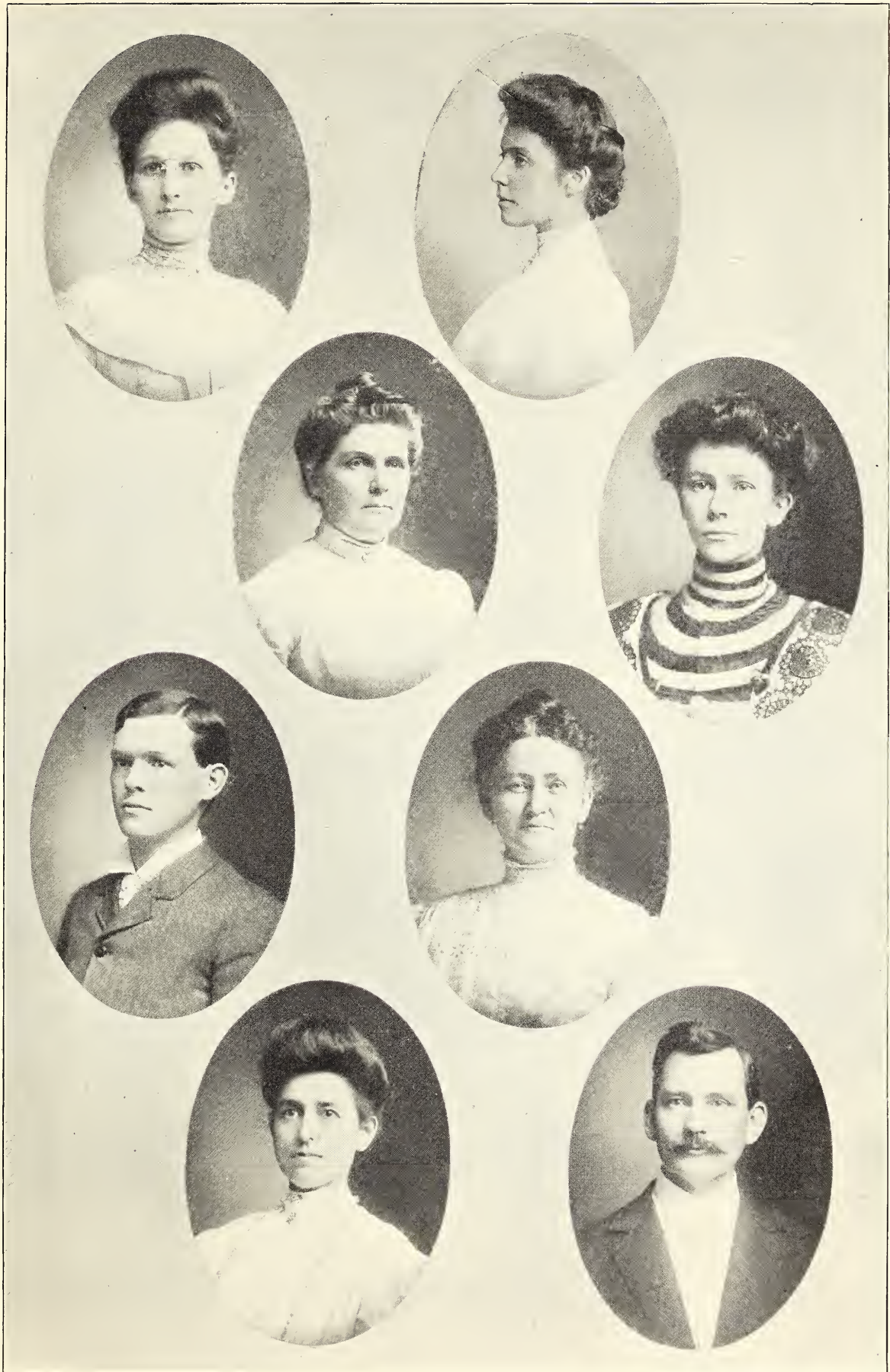
During an hour's wait in the darkness while one of the boys and the light searched the lower regions for a ladder, strips of white paper were cut. Class colors were pasted against the windows and paper adorned the desks of the juniors. The bronze bust of Horace Mann, altho hard to find in the daytime was doubly so at night. After much shifting of the circle of light we were able to place on his neck the junior badge. This done, a spider web was artistically arranged on the front and a red and black fly was placed in its meshes. At last the light gave out and further work was abandoned.

The expected happened in general exercises when Mr. Felmley informed the school that the seniors wished to add another accomplishment, that of bill-posting to their professional preparation. Unfortunately he had taught better than he knew. On going down to his school management class at the door he was confronted with the sign:

ARTISTIC DÉCORATION
SHOULD BE
UNDERSTOOD AND APPRECIATED
BY ALL TEACHERS.

Signed, SENIOR.

The look on his face repaid the seniors in full for the labors of the night before.



Eunice Viox	Mrs. Dora E. Cook	Florence May Bennett	Lillian Anderson
Paul E. Johnston	Mary Ferreira	Mrs. Ella Goodner Anderson	S. Kline McDowell

Seniors' Advice to Girls.

We, the seniors, acting on the theory that an idle surplus is of no value, do desire to place our enormous stock of information regarding the difficulties, involvements, and intricacies of life in the Illinois State Normal University, at your disposal. In short, we desire to put you on "the inside track."

To quote from Mr. Felmley's advisory speech to new students, "Well begun is half done." Therefore make your entrance into Normal such as befits one who will some day be exalted to the position we now hold. On arriving at the station survey the assembled aggregation of club stewards calmly and judiciously. Let not your eye wander in the direction of the handsomest one—his club may offer hash and succotash eight times a week. Neither be persuaded by your chum who was in Normal last year to go to her club, "where we had such an awfully jolly time, don't you know." Postpone locating yourself permanently until you have thoroly investigated the claims of *all* the rooming and boarding houses—except those located across the street from the faculty's residences.

Let us pass over the first few days in silence. Even we with our wealth of experience hesitate to advise you here. Far be it from us to infringe on the rights and duties of one whose long experience and oft-proved wisdom entitle her to advise you, how to adapt your life to existing conditions, here. An innocent-looking invitation to tea in room 18 may be the forerunner of an interesting exposition of a "model girl's" conduct, which seemingly unattainable ideal you will be expected to realize at once.

Nor is that all. Some day, you will receive an invitation which you will no more dare to refuse than you would were it issued by a king. As you approach the library in response to this call, emulate the silence of your shadow. Then "follow directions." Should you *not* follow directions, later, a private interview in the alcove might ensue, from which you are sure to emerge much troubled in spirit. Truly the way of the transgressor (of library rules) is hard.

Having talked over your conduct, at home, in school and in the library, you need not be surprised at a summons to the office at the end of the month to "talk over," the advisability of dropping a study. Incidentally you might take this opportunity to try to get an excuse for "forgetting" rhetorical and consequently you might spend an hour in Wrightonian Hall attempting to extract from a copious stream of "uhs"—"ahs" and



Clara Louise Coith
Henry Sylvester Stice
Nellie B. Fry

Sara Hazel Brand
Eleanor Hixon Griggs

Ruth Mildred Haney
Isaac Wilson
Helen Pitner Smith

"well-ums," an intelligible statement of what you are "to do about it."

In short, you may think "talk-it-over" hours as frequent as recitations. In truth, they do sometimes take the place of the latter. The advisability of simplifying our language by excluding all save the simplest words, "such as a child would use," will be earnestly urged in one class, while in another the frequent use of Greek and Latin derivatives will be just as strongly urged, that the language may be enriched thereby. As may be clearly seen not only two distinct vocabularies are needed but extreme care must be taken that each be used in its proper place.

Closely akin to this difficulty is that which you will encounter in the study of grammar. If you have never studied Gowdy's grammar and wish to preserve your sanity, forget all the grammar you ever knew. Do not waste your time trying to make a better definition of object. We tried it and—failed.

We have tried always to "answer the question, please," always to name the "per cent of what," always to maintain an appearance of animated interest thru long and involved discussion of "the mental processes of the child," always to give our minor premises first, always to laugh at faculty jokes, and always to keep our pencils out of our hair. We could not always do all these things yet have we attained our enviable height. Should you fulfill all these conditions better than we, you have our sympathy.

SENIORS.

Seniors' Advice to Boys

Upon entering the I.S.N.U. for the first time the new student finds it difficult to stand the glare of the intellectual lights of the University. Like one who comes out of the darkness into the light he gropes his way uncertainly until in the course of two or three years, he learns to find his way about. If during this period of semi-blindness some kind friend would act as guide how many mistakes might be avoided.

Out of his abundant supply of wisdom a senior offers some advice that will aid the new student to avoid the pitfalls that are likely to get in his way.

In the first place, when calling upon the young lady in whom you are greatly interested, NEVER stay later than 1:13 A. M.; otherwise the President may request an interview with you. (And those interviews are to be avoided.)



Agnes May Waddington
Margaret Esther Gregory
Mary Etta Pumphrey

Jessie Marie Patterson
Paul Kestor McWherter

Essie May Seed
H. Ella Johnson
Ida May Kline

Again, as to the frequency with which you call. You are at liberty to call on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings. But if you call on any evening not mentioned you are likely to bring down upon your head the ire of the entire faculty.

Every two weeks a dance is given in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon. If your mother allows you to dance and you care to attend, do not forget to wear your coat. It does not look well to see a young lady dancing with a young man who is not wearing a coat. People might think you can not afford one. Remember that "Clothes do not make the man, but they make a dangerous imitation."

One of the new students this year has been seen at different times in company with a certain young lady. The young man was riding a wheel while the young lady was walking—no, not walking—but running in order to keep up. Now this does not look well. If you prefer riding to walking and desire to be in the company of a young lady don't make her run along by the side of you while you ride your wheel, but buy an automobile, and let her ride with you.

Considerable complaint has been heard among the girls this year about the boys who, desiring to take a girl to some function, wait until about fifteen minutes before the affair begins before asking the pleasure of her company. This is very disconcerting to the girl. She does not know whether she is the first, second, or the Yth choice. Besides she is not dressed for the affair. And who ever knew the girl who could put on her hat in fifteen minutes, let alone dressing for a social affair. Please see to it that you do not offend in this manner.

Once more and I am done. The following is a good recipe for making a good impression on the Faculty and for receiving high grades:

Just as soon as your program of studies is made out and assignments in each study noted, go straight to your room, looking neither to the right nor to the left and begin work. And work. Work forty-eight hours a day if necessary. Keep this up for a week. If during the week you have been fortunate enough to get in the "eight" or "nine" class, there you remain for the remainder of your natural life (in the I.S.N.U.). But if during the week when impressions are being made (on the faculty) you happen to get in the "six" or "seven" class there is no remedy that I know of that will get you out. (I speak from experience.) Then the thing to do is go in for athletics, have a general good time and slide. This may be done, you perhaps have noticed, in either case.

Index Party.

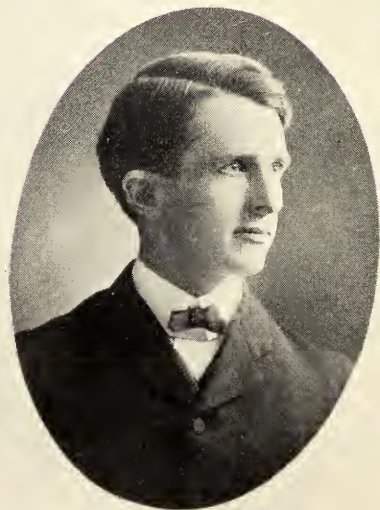
About 8:30, upon the evening of April 12, in the year of our Lord 1906, a motley array of stately seniors arrived at the home of one of the senior maidens. At the door a faithful member of the INDEX staff called a halt and would let no one enter, be he saint or sinner, until he has assured this Indexian of some bright and witty funnyism to be placed at the mercy of the staff. From the facial expression of this St. Peter the Second, it seemed evident that mischief for one and all was brewing.

When a sufficient number had entered, papers were passed bearing an inscription something to this effect: "If a telegram should come for—(here the name of a senior was inserted) he (or she) could probably be found ——." (And here was where the friendly, or shall we say friendly, seniors had their fun.) The papers were passed around and at least three people expressed their ideas upon the subject. Then they were read. Of all astounding and benumbing revelations! Who could have dreamed of seniors—dignified Illinois State Normal University Seniors—being in such places or doing such things? Had Æneas heard "twould have caused his knotted and combined locks to part and each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The shock over, the party repaired to the dining room and drank the health of "Seniors" down in delicious frappé. Each was then supposed to help fill out a want column in a paper.

While everyone was racking his brain for material to provoke mirth, a few mischievous girls slipped out of the house unnoticed. Their absence was discovered when the merry-makers indoors heard a terrific squealing and screaming just under the dining room window. Cries of "hurry," or "we've got 'em," "hold on," intermingled with scraps of unintelligible conversation was heard. At once one and all poured forth to the rescue. A struggling mass of humanity near an opened window told of the narrow escape of the frappé. After using up many foot-pounds of energy, the seniors succeeded in half carrying, half pulling two juniors into the house (the others escaping with a few scratches and the loss of some hair).

When once the villains were in the hands of their foes they



INDEX STAFF

Ralph R. Kimmell, *Business Manager*

Viola Davies, *Organizing Editor*

Paul M. Smith, *Editor-in-Chief*

James E. Rice, *Advertising Manager*

W. D. McLemore, *Assistant Editor*

were made to drink the health of their victorious seniors, much to their displeasure. Then came a happy idea and together with a pair of scissors and a pair of willing hands, it did the deed. One clip, and lo! someone had a scalp-lock. More "barber"-ism and the juniors made a break for the door. Much scuffling and rolling attended this attempt and wrath began to blaze forth from the angry juniors. As soon as this began to abate and there was no more danger of a conflagration, the youngsters were allowed to depart in "peace"-es.

After duly displaying the trophies of war and indulging in more toasts and roasts, the seniors discovered the lateness of the hour and fled in haste, wishing long life to the hostess.

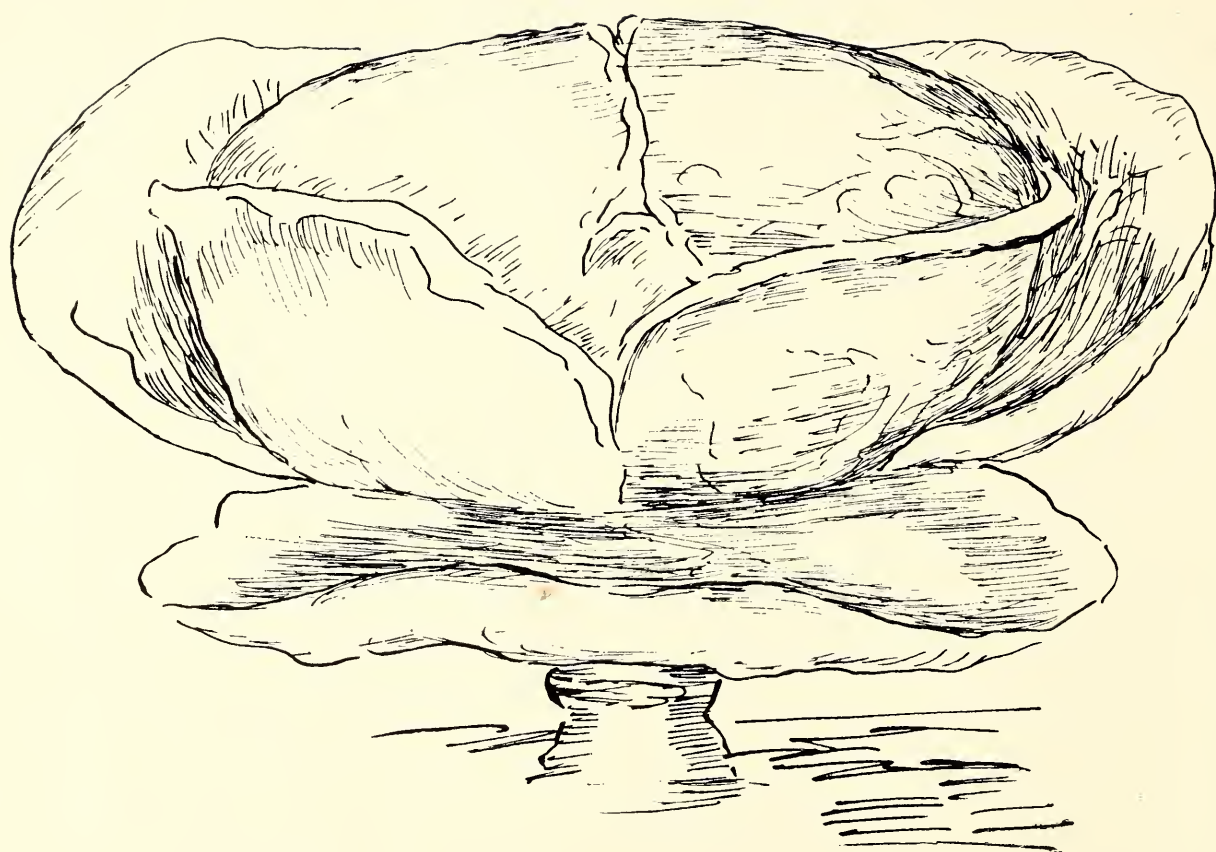
Editorial.

The senior class of '06, upon coming into its inheritance, found among the many things willed to it the task of getting out the I.S.N.U. annual. Since 1892, the date of the first appearance of the INDEX, it has been the custom for the seniors to leave behind this evidence of their intellectual fire to bring light and inspiration to those that follow and perhaps make the "steep and thorny way" to graduation less difficult. The task at first seemed to promise much glory and hard work. But later the promised glory began to lessen and finally disappeared altogether, while the work assumed gigantic proportions. Then in trying to decide what should go in the INDEX and what should be left out, we began to wonder if the function of the editors was not the same as in Germany, namely, to be ready "to go to jail" if anything displeasing appeared. When we realized the hard work and the little glory we felt like exclaiming in the language of Milton,

"Farewell happy fields
Where joy forever reigns! Hail, horrors,
Hail, infernal world!"

But once undertaken there was no shirking. Hard work or not, glory or disgrace, we have striven to make the INDEX reflect as a mirror the life of the school, and if some of the images seem distorted or not true to life, put it down not to malice, but to the spherical aberration of the mirror.

EDITORS.



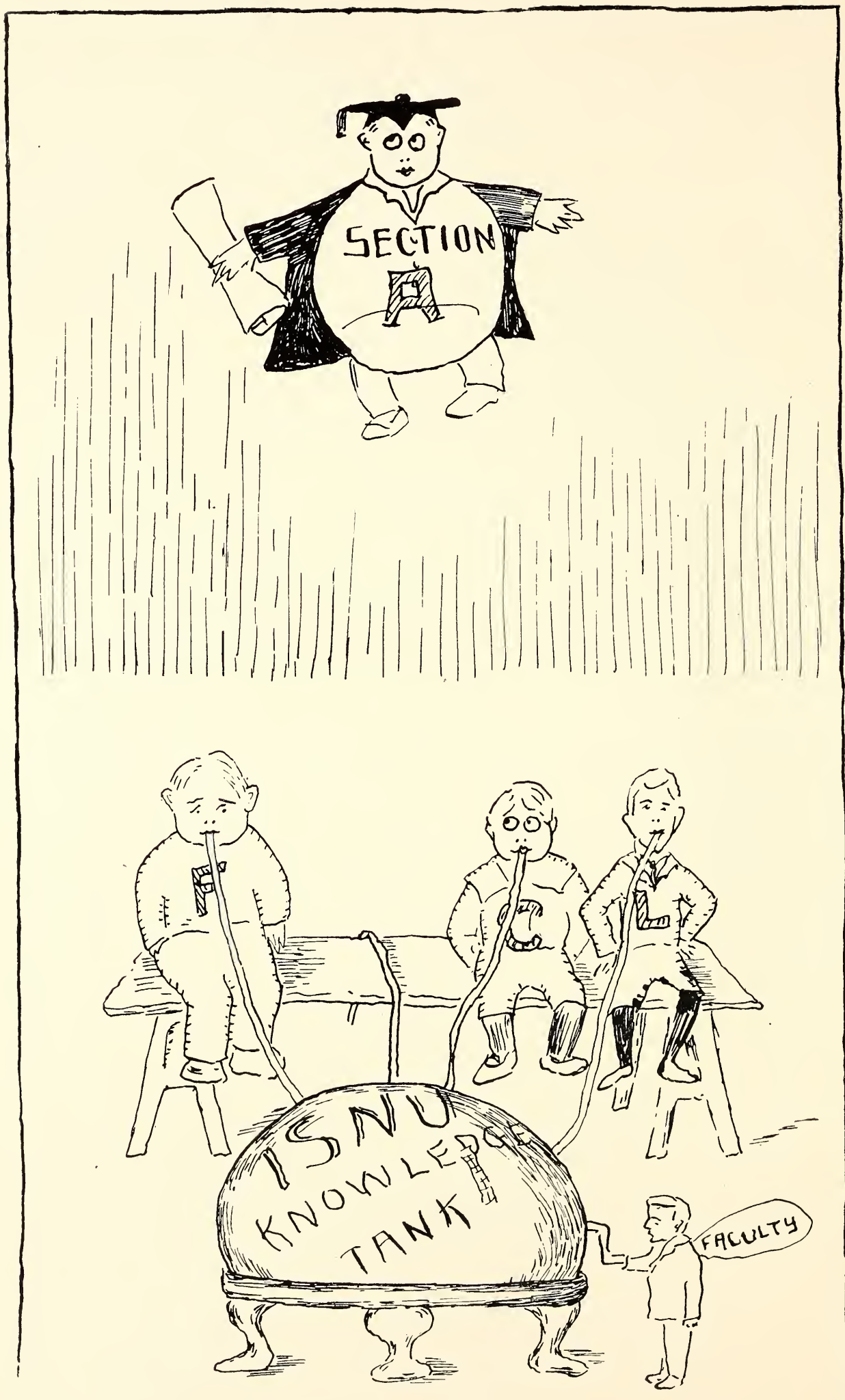
A TYPICAL JUNIOR.

The Circus Party.

There came a time when Normal fairly glowed with examples of that art, so newly acquired by the seniors, bill-posting. The class of '06 passed glaring posters announcing the coming of Wallace's Three Ring Circus and were unmoved. But the desire to go to the circus came from another source: "Mr. Wilson, I am shocked! You've never been to a circus! You may be excused for the afternoon to go." Thus did Miss Colby approve of a senior's going to the circus. The news was noised abroad. Since all seniors have the same privileges, all might go. We could if we "cut" classes, but the seniors rejected such an unheard of proposition as absurd. Therefore Mr. Wilson was allowed to go alone in the afternoon not only as an advance agent but also to see how the land lay and so be able to pilot us safely when we attended in the evening. Evening came but Wilson did not materialize. Undaunted, we attended the circus without a guide. Some wanted to go in the side-show and see if Wilson was in there still enjoying the Three Ring Circus. But the "barkers" scared them. We then followed the crowd until we reached the baby elephant, to which some brave people were feeding peanuts. That reminded us. We had passed the pink-lemonade stand and hadn't even bought peanuts. If we had not seen the boys buy peanuts we would have sworn they had on magic coats the pockets of which, like the widow's cruse of oil, never became empty. After much addition, subtraction, and division, we managed to buy genuine reserved seats. We certainly were the center of attraction. Every performer in the circus made his bow to us. The show was the best ever.

The concert that followed the show almost tempted us to stay but we resisted in order to get home before morning. We rushed to the car line, only to find the last car loaded to the roof just pulling out. We then decided to walk until we found a car. We soon overtook the car that had started ahead of us and the athletes present pushed enough passengers off to give us a place on the running board.

Just when I had become satisfied that I had a large and firm place to stand on Miss Selby requested that I step off her toe. Altho deprived of a standing place, I followed the example of the rest and hung on till we reached home in the morning.



THE ASCENSION OF A SENIOR.

The Editors' Last Will and Testament.

We, the Editors of the INDEX, the I.S.N.U. year book, being of sound mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of the aforesaid statement, and also of this frail and transitory life, do therefore make, ordain, publish, affirm, assert, predicate, pronounce, disclose, acknowledge, avow, decree, declare, and maintain this to be our last

WILL AND TESTAMENT:

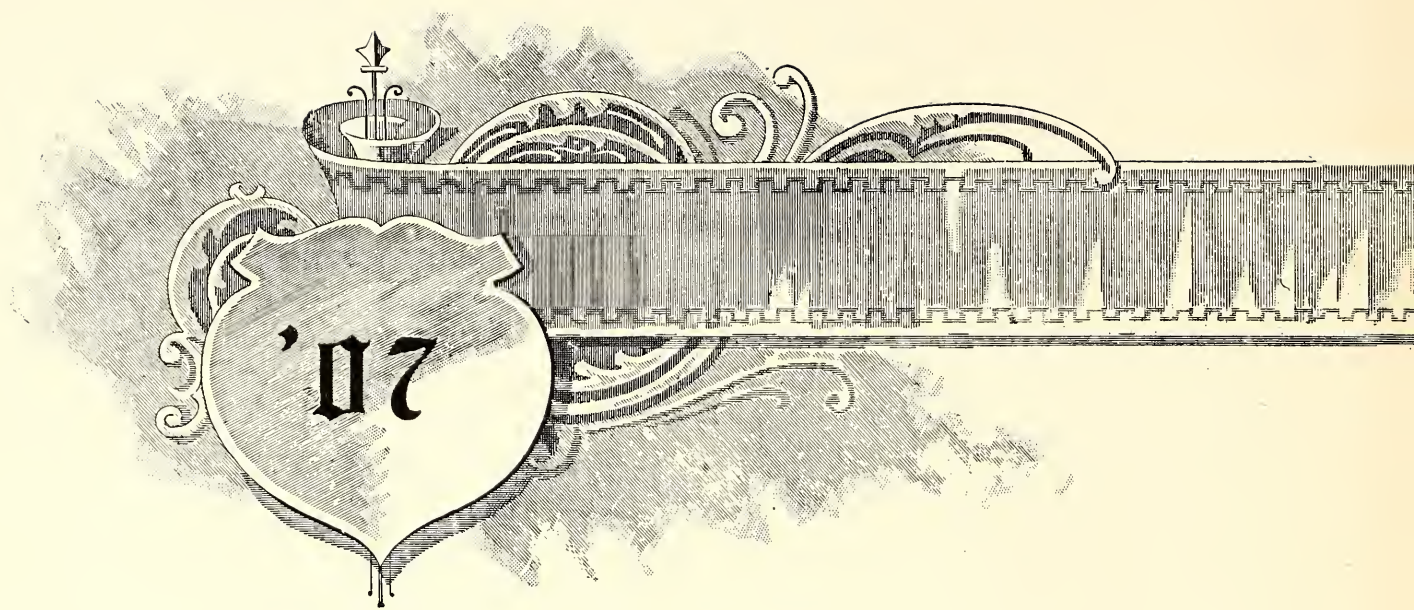
FIRST, we order and direct that our executor hereinafter named pay all our *just* debts and funeral expenses as soon after our decease as conveniently may be.

SECOND, After the payment of such funeral expenses and debts, we give, bestow, present, consign, confer, make over, endow, devise, and bequeathe all old senior cuts to Abrahamaaron Mosestein, he juk dealer, excepting the cut of R. R. Kimmell which is to be used by him in his race for county superintendent. To the senior class of 1907 all rejected manuscript and cartoons for use in their annual; to Mr. Holmes our Thesaurus with which he may enlarge and enrich his vocabulary; to David Felmley all money made by the INDEX, to be used in erecting a Manual Arts building; to the editors of next year's INDEX all the kicks, "slings and arrows," of adverse criticism; to Miss Colby, Ph.D., the unused forty verses of Bauer's sixty-five verse poem, provided she makes an annotated and expurgated edition.

Lastly, we make, constitute, and appoint David Felmley, A.M., LL.D., to be executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto affixed our seal this fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred six.

THE INDEX EDITORS. (Seal.)



The Junior Play.

“THE RIVALS.”—By Richard B. Sheridan.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Frank Espey
Captain Absolute.....	Gresham Griggs
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Jay D. Crist
Acres	Ralston Brock
Faulkland	Leslie Stansbury
David	Chester Dillon
Fag ...	Alfred Blackburn
Mrs. Malaprops.....	Meda Engle
Lydia Languish	Mary Sullivan
Julia.....	Mary Worley
Lucy	Goldie Sharples

The Class of 1907.

The class of 1907 will have the honor of helping to celebrate the semi-centennial of the old Normal. We are looking forward to a most memorable year, not alone in each of our lives but also in the life of the I.S.N.U. From north and south, from east and west, men and women of note will come to join in the celebration. Though age may have placed his mark upon the head, memory and love of by-gone school days have kept young the feelings of the heart. Will it not be an honor and an inspiration to stand before men who have won the respect and plaudits of their fellowmen and who ascribe their success to the training which they received at old Normal? Have you no sentiment which allows you to feel that to be graduated with the class of 1907—to go out on the fiftieth anniversary of the I.S.N.U., to join the army of her famous alumni—is something more than an ordinary honor? Let each and every one of us feel that it is and strive to be worthy. We hope that our class will be great in other things than numbers and famous not simply because it was graduated in 1907. In the endeavors and ideals of each member of the class, lies the realization of this hope. Aim high and if you miss you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best.

Ghosts, Witches, and Goblins.

'Twas Hallowe'en. The flickering lights in distant windows took on fantastic shapes, and shadows grew ghostly in the gathering darkness. A stone castle, standing huge against the dull western sky in the gray of night, marked the spot where ghosts and goblins, witches and imps, terrible fire-breathing skeletons and demented mortals had agreed to hold their annual conference to plot against the welfare of innocent mankind. Quaint and hideous figures issued from among the trees flanking the castle and moved swiftly but silently into the dimly lighted interior. Within one might have seen sights never revealed to earthly eyes. Around the gallery of the vast audience hall were hung lamps made from the skulls of once living things in another kingdom. At one side of the hall on a table and heaped against the wall was a great quantity of some kind of fruit looking very much like apples. Some of these apple-like things were hung on a string about the room, while still more were floating in vessels of water set on the floor in the center. The way those cavernous-mouthed goblins gnawed that fruit from the strings was simply astonishing. It appeared as if they hadn't eaten anything for a year. Beside the vessels of water many a poor mortal might have been seen on his knees vainly ducking for something to eat while ghosts, goblins, and imps stood by laughing hideously at his endeavors. At one end of the hall was a door opening into a cell where a witch with wonderful oracular powers foretold the successes and failures of the mortals who dared inquire there. At the other end, were two doors through one of which ghosts and goblins passed, urged on by the voice of a green-robed goblin on the outside. Within the dark chamber beyond was mystery and horror. There one took in welcome the hand, the horrible cold and slimy hand, of a mummy (a glove filled with wet sand); electric shocks seemed to be in the very air; a terrible phosphorescent skull and bones hung in one corner; and a living skeleton kicked about and rattled his bones as he stood

seemingly suspended in the air. From this chamber of horrors the terrified beings of another world passed into the presence of his Satanic Majesty. He sat on a great red throne surrounded by his imps. His horrid red face and body, cloven feet, forked tail, and pronged spear on which he carried the bones of a late victim were more terrifying than all other things and shrieking in an agony of fear the ghosts and goblins rushed forth or were dragged forth in chains through the other door into the hall again.

At last the chamber of horrors ceased to have any attraction. His majesty came forth from his den and the fortune-telling witch from her cell. Ghosts, black and green goblins, hooked-nosed, broom-carrying witches, and even Satan and his imps gathered in the great hall for a general good time. They had it and kept on with their wrestling, dancing, and horrible screaming and laughing until near the hour of midnight. It was time for spirits to be gone and the castle closed lest mortals learn of the frolic. Each ghost and goblin (often-times a ghost and a goblin together) stepped out into the darkness and slipped quietly away. They still remember the Junior Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium as one of the most successful and enjoyable events of the school year.

The Masquerade Dance.

In the gymnasium on Friday evening, March 2, after the basket ball game between the I.S.N.U boys and the second team of the U. of I., the juniors gave a masquerade dance. Owing to a lack of dancers among the boys of the junior class, many of the other boys of the school were invited. The costumes of some were quaint and curious, and many of the dancers were so disguised as to be scarcely recognized. The seniors added to the smoothness of the floor by scattering some of Pillsbury's Best from above; and incidentally they added to the discomfort of the janitor. There were about twenty-five couples present. Music was furnished by an orchestra from Bloomington. The juniors have been very successful in whatever they have attempted this year.

That Color Rush.

Barring only the exciting foot ball games of last fall, the most notable event in which brain and brawn were put to a test, was that on the afternoon of March 28, the junior-senior color rush. The two upper classes met on the basket ball field, both boys and girls contesting for honors. The presidents of the respective classes voiced their challenges and acceptances in general exercises with great pomp and dignity—and thereby hangs the tale. Immediately two juniors of an inventive turn of mind conceived the idea of suspending the cherished red and black from the gymnasium ceiling on the afternoon of the game. Accordingly, Crist and Stansbury won the confidence of Miss Cummings and the colors went up. The seniors began assembling to yell their representatives on to victory, but the sight of the colors hindered the action of their lungs. The game progressed, each class won a game and according to agreement with the authorities, the colors were taken down by a junior, and thrown to one standing on the race track below. Instantly a number of seniors pounced on Gray, the ill-fated junior with the colors, like so many cats on a mouse. But there were soon several juniors to the rescue assisted in an able manner by two loyal Sophs. To say each side fought would be speaking mildly. The banister on the stairs leading down from the library were broken, the walls were kicked in and the mass of writhing, twisting human forms continued their tiresome journey to the campus. All were good-natured with the exception of one or two who made the bad mistake of allowing their tempers to get the better of them. The gait could not always be kept up and at last the colors were torn from the grasp of the seniors and Wilbur Blackburn, one of the sophs, ran away with them, followed by captain McKean, of foot ball fame. He was too far gone and stopped soon and the juniors were the winners.

However the fun was not to terminate so suddenly. The seniors determined to enjoy a midnight party and, incidentally, decorate the assembly room. The room the next morning presented such an appearance that it was clearly evident they had by no means failed in their attempt. The hated gold and white decorated posts, desks, and ceiling. But the most conspicuous piece of decoration was a long spider web constructed of paper and placed above the west door of the assembly room. Here the gold and white figured prominently, and also the black imitation of a fly in the center. Looking on the front board were the words:

“THERE IS THE WEB. WHO IS THE FLY?”

It is putting it in mildly to say the juniors were vexed and were endeavoring to think of a method of procedure that would result in the destruction of the web. But they were being closely guarded and Goddard attempted to reach them in vain. The first hour was nearly over and still the same despised emblem greeted the eyes of the class of 1907. Something must be done before the close of the hour. A hurried consultation was held between Wilbur Blackburn, Brock, and Stansbury. All proceeded to the basement, returning with a long rake. The two first named gentlemen were instructed to guard the senior sentinels and before it could scarcely be realized, Stansbury had stepped inside the door, with a quick move jerked the colors down, and above all obtained the fly. In two minutes the dignified members of '06 entered but when they looked over the west door and found the decoration completely mutilated, they were angry, and swore that “young Stansbury would get his.” But the juniors won every time. We are saving the best for the last. President Felmley at general exercises announced that he predicted a bright future for the seniors as bill posters, and the sad part is they were compelled to pay the janitor additional money to clean up. Thus the great junior-senior color rush of 1906 ended, but to be ever fresh in the minds of those who took part. And as usual the class of '07 came out on top.*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Fiction is sometimes stranger than truth.

An Inconsistency.

A certain senior, with a great deal of muscle, quite an amount of brains, and with that habit of speaking what he thinks before he investigates matters fully, is a little bit hard to understand in the deeper workings of his mind. He was intensely interested in athletics and put forward all kinds of effort to push ahead in foot ball and basket ball. There he could be a lion. But athletics lost their charm as soon as the base ball season came on. He was just as intense as ever, but in opposition. I wonder why?

Another thing: He said that if he had been around the day of the color rush he should have thrown the juniors into the pond. He wasn't there, but in a few days, one of those nice “Maey” days which we had early in April, we saw him there. He had time then to spend an entire afternoon on the banks of the pond—enjoying Nature, we suppose, and singing praises to May, otherwise, Mae.

Some Things We Heard.

Pres. F. (In the Method class): "What are you after?" Miss B.: "Men."

Paul Johnson (To the barber the day after that senior party at Griggs'): "I want my hair cut, rather short, especially in front!"

Mrs. Smith: "Mr. Moore, you will have to bring your plan down to my house if you didn't hand it in this morning."

Mr. Wilson: "Let me bring it, Mrs. Smith."

Mr. Couch (who has just handed in his plan): "May I not have mine back?"

Pres. F. (speaking of the coming of the old alumni next year): "We hope they may all be here with snow on the head and FROST in the heart." (I wonder, don't you?)

Who was it that said, "Paul Smith looks like a villain?"

Every one has his station in life. Society needs men and women to perform menial duties. Among these mean but necessary tasks comes the delightful work of "bill-posting." We are pleased to know that our Senior friends appreciate the small things of life.

Quotations (Inspired.)

Mrs. Anderson—"Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time."

Hazel Brand—"So wise so young, they say, do never live long."

Florence Bennett—"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture, dignity and love."

Ruth Evans—"Lady, arise, look forth and see"—that Mr. Felmley 's calling thee!

Mina Hendrickson—"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."

Ida Hatcher—"Study to be quiet."

Paul McWherter—

"I never tempted her with word too large,
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and coming love."

Isaac Wilson—

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

Raymond Black—"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."

Fred Telford—

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

James Rice—

"Mind your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes."

Henry Stice—

"So soft his tresses, filled with trickling curl,
You doubt his sex and take him for a girl."

The Vaporings of a Junior.

"Tho yet of Section A the memory will always be green, and tho it is fitting for us to bear our hearts in grief at their departure, yet so far hath discretion fought with Nature that we with wisest sorrow think of them together with remembrance of ourselves." Therefore our grief is tempered by the thought that we, juniors, shall soon succeed them and illuminate the place with the "living rays of our intellectual fire." It is of the intellectuality of the seniors that I wish to write. This is a weighty subject. So much so that I doubt my ability to do it justice. In trying to obtain ideas with which to convey to you some faint notion of the senior intellect I have rapped my brain repeatedly, but the only response was a hollow sound. It seems entirely empty of ideas adequate to the proper handling of this subject. I hardly see the use of proving the intellectual superiority of the seniors since they acknowledge it themselves. But this may safely be said: a senior especially near graduation has reached the zenith of his intellectual power. We wonder "upon what meat doth he feed" that he is grown to be such an intellectual giant. But there seems to be one thing lacking in this otherwise perfect development. We all know that to be conscious of how much there is yet to learn and of how little one really knows is one of the most important steps toward wisdom. I am sure no senior has ever been discovered who has taken this step. But he has shown a pernicious tendency to depart from the path that leads to wisdom by being aware of how much he knows and of how little there is yet to learn. A prominent senior puts it thus: "We are the people and all wisdom and learning will depart with us from this school." Now this sort of mental attitude is conducive to what psychologists call arrested development, a disease by all means to be avoided but not necessarily incurable. I have known extreme cases being cured by teaching a country school.

And judging from the diligence with which the seniors have been studying the construction of country school houses and the management of country schools, perhaps there is hope for them. When they find themselves with set jaw and grim purpose trying to produce the life unfolding process in the minds of others all danger of arrested development will be over. And thru their efforts in this direction the fame of the I.S.N.U. will be spread abroad in the land.



Academics

On those days when the different members of the faculty favor us with their talks, it is so amusing to glance around and notice the expressions on the faces of the students. The usually attentive and dignified senior wears a look of injured innocence. The hilarious junior gazes longingly out of the window, while the members of the "lower sections" try so hard to be attentive. They are not used to such talks, but by next year will probably know how to take them.

It is on these days that the Academics have their fun. O what a buzz comes from the north row! Such grinning faces and blinking eyes! Perhaps some unfortunate person may drop something. What is it?—Did you ever wonder what makes them so happy? Next year when you have the pleasure of listening to an interesting(?) lecture

given by a member of the faculty, and you are wishing you were any place but where you are, just glance around and you may see something interesting. If you watch the north row closely you may find out what makes the Academics so happy.

The Academic students are very loyal to each other. They even go so far as to celebrate each other's birthdays. When do they do it? In general exercises of course! Where is there a better chance?

Perhaps you will say that such conduct does not seem proper. But would you expect high school students, who are

so full of life to behave and act as future school "marms" and school masters should? If you do you surely have forgotten the time when you were young (if you ever were).

In the winter an enthusiastic member of the Academic Department called a meeting. That was nothing unusual, yet the juniors smiled aloud. Perhaps they thought it the thing to do. But at this meeting very important business was transacted. The Academics selected their officers, James Colton being chosen president.

The Academic girls organized a basket-ball team. There are some very good players on this team. One of them is the side center on the University team, and has always distinguished herself by good plays. Another played guard for the Wrightonians. But one game was played and that was with the second I.S.N.U. team. The second team won by playing off a tie (15 to 15), the final score being sixteen to seventeen. The girls' basket-ball team of the Normal High School promised a game, but on account of the illness of two of their players, was unable to play it. Next year there will be a good team willing and able to play any high school team near here.

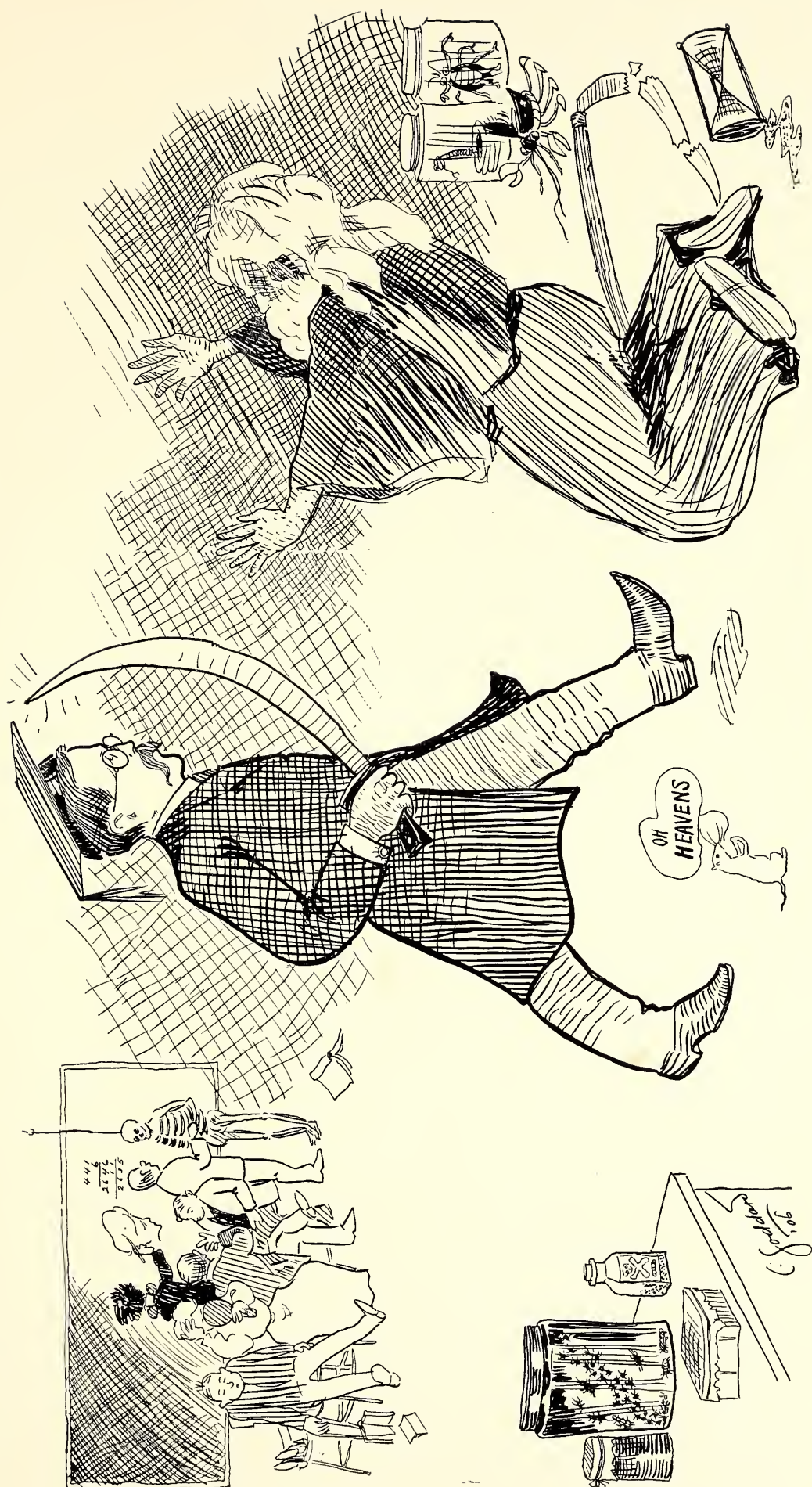
The Academic boys organized a base ball team at the beginning of the spring term.

The first game was played with the Orphans' Home boys, the latter winning by a score of 28 to 17. On May 2d, a game was played on the campus with the Grammar School boys, the score being 6 to 15 in favor of the Academics. A second game was played with the Orphans' Home boys, the Academics winning by a score of 17 to 11.

No doubt everyone has noticed the Academic caps. They are of a small size, black, and on the cap is the letter A in white.

But we do not need the caps to distinguish us from the other members of the school. If you are skeptical as regards this last assertion, just take a look along the north row of the assembly room during general exercises.

AN ACADEMIC.



THE END OF TIME.

Y. M. C. A.

In this day of advancement in every line of human thought and action there is, perhaps, a tendency to neglect the formal cultivation of the spiritual man. This negligence is not a result of the tendency of the times altogether, but is more apt to be the result of the haste with which we pass through life. And this is not to be wondered at when we think of the fact that we crowd the experiences of all the ages past into the brief "three score years and ten." We must of necessity live fast, yet there is no excuse for our neglecting our spiritual development, which, after all is for us the greatest and best.

The Y.M.C.A. in our school stands for this spiritual development. We know that students here are very busy and have many demands upon their time, yet as a rule the busiest students are the ones who take an active part in Association work. The work as planned does not take much time, yet its influence is far reaching. From the few minutes fellowship in a Y.M.C.A. meeting inspiration is gathered to help men to be manly men in all their relations. In every case the practical view of the higher life is given, for we realize that men are not what they say, but what they do. And while theory is necessarily at the basis of action, yet the important thing is the action bringing out the theory in reality.

In our work we recognize no creed. We wish all to join our meetings regardless of their belief or non-belief. In other words we do not believe in pulling up one's belief and accepting or challenging it. That is not the business of the Y.M.C.A. Its business is, however, to make spiritual growth possible, yet even in this the Association does not feel it necessary to drag up the spiritual plant by the roots to see if it is growing.

In a word the Association wishes to make men stronger in every phase of life's activities by centering their purposes on the beautiful, the true and the good as shown in a christian experience.

E. B. COUCH.



Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

Thirty-three years have passed since the Young Women's Christian Association was organized in Normal. May we not well ask ourselves how we have grown in our life of thirty-three years? If we have not obtained the development which a society of thirty-three years of experience should have attained, where does the fault lie? I leave the question with you.

During the past year we have done some of the work for which our name stands, but have left much undone. The Association sent the president to the Summer Conference at Lakeside, Ohio, last August. At this conference colleges from the north central states were represented.

In November Miss Rohrbach and Miss Milliken represented this Association at the State Convention held in Decatur. They brought back very interesting reports.

We have had short but helpful visits from our State Secretaries, Miss Vose and Miss Broad.

Just before the Christmas vacation, we held our annual bazaar. Candy, fancy work, and peanuts were sold. We cleared between thirty and forty dollars, which will help pay the expenses of our delegates to the Summer Conference at Lake Winona, Indiana, next August.

Reverend Mary Moreland led our Bible Study Class. The subject of study was, "The Social and Ethical Teachings of Jesus." Those who attended the class felt that their time was well spent.

Our union meetings, held monthly with the Y.M.C.A., have been helpful. Especially was much good received from the one held at the house of Dr. Edwards, in Bloomington, on the evening of April 27.

A sacred concert will be given in Normal Hall, June 3, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. Mr. Westhoff has been training about ninety students to sing several choruses from oratorios for this event. A speaker will present the work of the Associations.

The work of the new year is starting well with the officers who took their places at the beginning of the spring term. The members of the Association are hoping to secure a room in the new building should the school be so fortunate as to get it next year.

May the year 1906-'07 be the most successful one in the history of the Y.W.C.A. of the I.S.N.U.



Y. W. C. A.

Cicero.

The Ciceronian Society has passed thru some strenuous proceedings during the past year. A faction, appearing at the eastern horizon, were accused of seeking to bring the management into their own hands. Stormy debates followed; wordy warfare ran rife. New students became disgusted and declared Cicero's fame a farce. Old time Ciceronians stroked their bearded chins in a wise manner and determined to reincarnate in Cicero the old time fame. A faculty committee intervened. The hooted faction were sufficiently squelched. Peace and quiet was maintained and wise supervision brought order and system where chaos reigned.

Cicero has been favored by executive ability of a high type. This has contributed much to its success. Rivalry in politics has stimulated elections. Each of the old line parties, realizing the value of independent voters, placed in nomination men, not only loyal partisans, but well qualified for their respective positions. This could not fail of favorable results. The elections were heated. The Democratic regime claim a grand ascendancy of results—and probably are entitled to a bare majority of votes cast. At any rate the Democratic candidates are to be congratulated. They look forward to sweeping results another year.

During the winter term, the term of all officers was changed from six to twelve weeks. Consequently, there have been five sets of officers this year. They are as follows:

Presidents—Alvin Coith (R.), Raymond Black (D.), James Smith (D.), E. B. Couch (D.), Boyd Whisnant (D.).

Vice-Presidents—Henry Ritcher (R.), Claud Hershey (D.), R. R. Kimmell (D.), Pablo Bueno (D.), Wiley Lucas (D.).

Secretaries—Arthur Dole (D.), Madison Pulliam (R.), Eugene Bauer (D.), Miguel Nicdao (D.), James Smith (D.).

Treasurers—James Colton (R.), Arthur Dole (D.), Ray-



THE CICERONIAN SOCIETY

mond Black (D.), Raymond Joseph (D.), Chas. Fahrenkoph (D.).

Sergeants at Arms—Grover Harrison (R.), Madison Pulliam (R.), Mr. Whitaker (R.), Miguel Nicdao (D.).

Presidents of Model Senate—James Colton (R.), Boyd Whisnant (D.), James Smith (D.), E. B. Couch (D.).

Clerks of Model Senate—Boyd Whisnant (D.), George Power (D.).

The programs of Cicero have greatly improved during the last year. The mistaken idea, that anything is good enough for a number on Cicero's program, altho not entirely rooted out, seems to be disappearing. The grouping of members, each group, in turn, to furnish a program seems to have been quite a successful venture. At any rate some excellent programs have resulted.

Altho we feel that Cicero is advancing in importance as a factor in school life, yet we have met with a great loss. The bust of Cicero, so often brought forward to stimulate worthy action, so often called on to witness the events of the society, is now in the dreary chamber of death! Eugene Bauer broke the bust of Cicero. The work of bringing upon the criminal a just sentence is now commenced. He will soon be indicted by the grand jury. The trial will be placed at an early date. The able lawyers, Isaac Wilson and Dan Hannon will prosecute. Attorneys Reinhart and Smith will defend the prisoner. Attorney Smith at present, has an important case (of measles) on hands. It is to be hoped he will soon finish it in order to give his undivided attention to the defense. Since all Ciceronians are interested parties, a jury cannot be obtained among the men of the school. They will be chosen from among the women. We trust that the trial will be conducted in a just manner, and one which will be a credit to Cicero. Cicero is of value to our school life, and to him all loyal men of the school owe allegiance. We trust the society will see many more years of pleasure and profit.

Girls Debating Club.

In spite of the fact that a freshman's greenness is axiomatic, we must admit her suggestions are often somewhat subtle. The entering students who saw the announcements of the "Model House" Sessions and hoped by attending to get some insight into household economy, suggested a line of work which, we admit, would be thoroly practical in a girls' club. But as prospective teachers, professional pedagogues, we demur.

At the beginning of the term the club undertook to reconstruct decisively the plans which were drawn up last year. Rhetoricals slowly but surely displaced the once interesting and instructive discussions. Readings and recitations supplanted the debates. Motions became fewer and seconds to motions waxed feeble. Now, however, all is different. The conditions of the school are more favorable to our well-being. We regard the rhetorical class as our deliverer and auxiliary. No longer need we feel the critic is judging our literary numbers in terms of rhetorical credits.

Last year, we were a misnomer. This year we determined to be,—we are, a debating club. To lose sight of the literary side of our work and become embryonic states-women was not our intention. As a provision, every alternate Friday the afternoon is devoted to literary selections, compilations, and donations, together with musical numbers. All members at these meetings are expected to desist from any conversational disturbances. Ample provision has been made for said disturbances in the orders of the day for the intervening meetings. It is then the "Model House of Representatives" convenes.

Many difficulties have been met with and not entirely overcome. The Representative of the Fourth Missouri was conducted by Sergeant-at-Arms Skinner before the Chair to be sworn in, attired, in coat and hat! The Speaker's administration of the oath was interrupted by strenuous attempts on the part of the House to prove Representative Rath sack's coat was an overcoat and hence should be removed. Others maintained a Representative in shirt sleeves a discredit to the great and glorious Union. Many members were duly sworn in. An appalling absence of New England Representatives was recorded. The South was well represented, as was clearly shown in the passage of a bill providing an appropriation for scientific investigation of yellow fever. Representative Dean, of the Fourth Louisiana District, explained at length concerning the infecting power of the mosquito.

The preservation of forests and more careful supervision of water-rights at Niagara Falls proved interesting topics for consideration. The Republican and Democratic parties are in the ascendancy. The Socialists and Prohibitionists are very unassuming. Much lobbying is done, but with little effect.

The subject of society spirit has been often discussed and the conclusion reached by some is, such subsidiary societies as Cicero and the Debating Club must go. They argue that were these societies abolished, all society spirit would be centralized in either one of the societies. At present, some good workers (they say) are working in the Debating Club who might give Wrichtonia and Philadelphia the strength they need. Such a statement is made unadvisedly for the keen observer, who has ever been in the Debating Club, will be quick to recognize the names of the Club members on Society programs. If the larger societies would give us those features which are aimed at in the Club work, some excuse might be made for the abandonment of the Club. Our most active members are Bloomington girls, who find it almost impossible to attend Society.

The Girl's Debating Club needs encouragement. It finds some in the mere existence of Cicero, for that society is organized on much the same principle. Many opportunities have been lost whereby one could have strengthened the other. True, we have social functions in honor of each other, but in the vital work of the two societies, we always work apart. I would like to suggest here to future Ciceronians and girl debaters, that you set some day aside in every term and at that date have a union program gotten up by a special committee from each society. Another suggestion, get some faculty member interested in your work and then make the work interesting to all. In the last few years we have had a faithful member of the faculty as our adviser, Miss Irene Blanchard. She has been the life of every enterprise. In recent months, heavy work, and later, her absence from the school, we have been deprived of her support and sorely miss her.

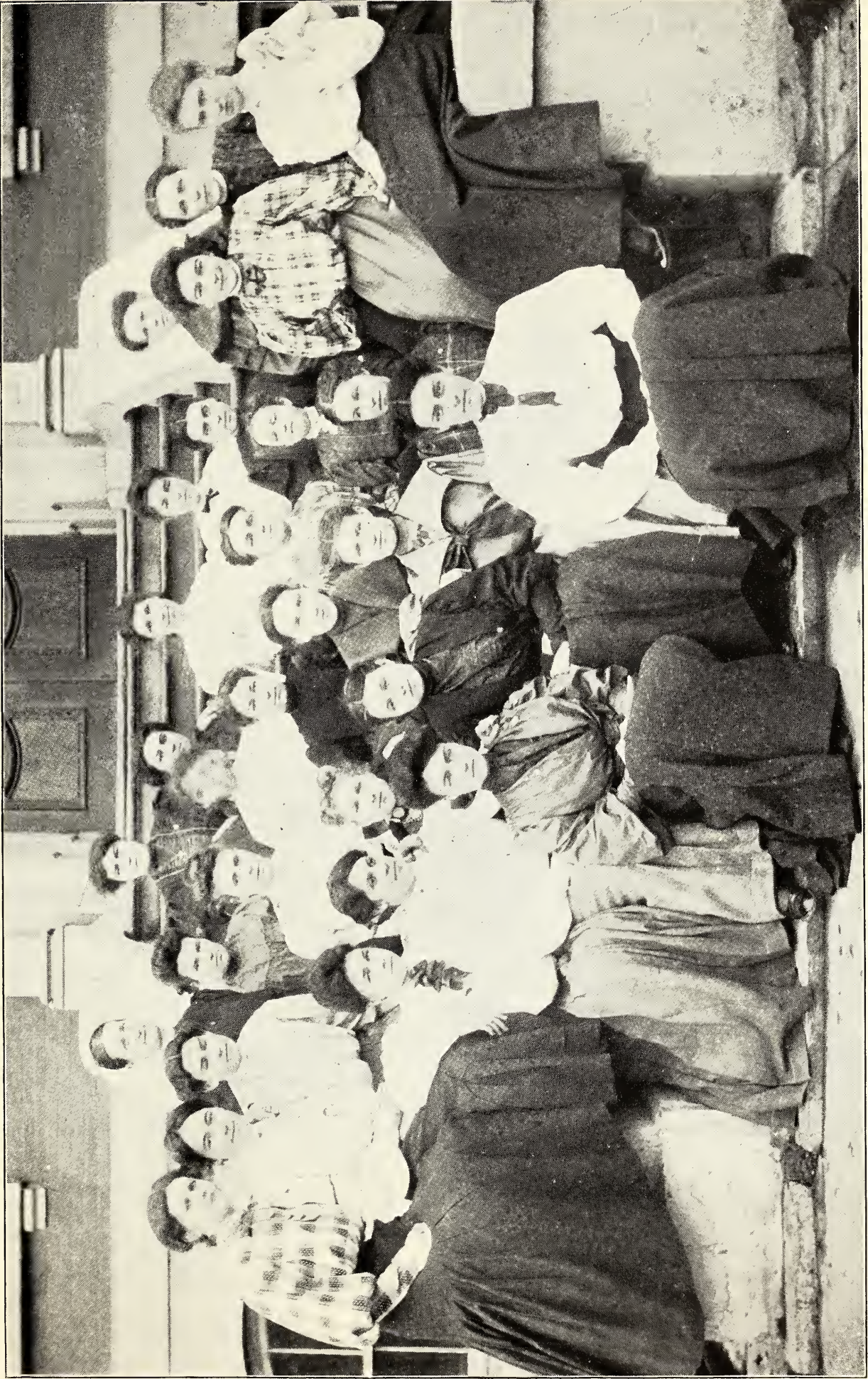
We feel that this year has been more helpful to us because of the Debating Club. We have been disappointed in many ways and urge all future members of the Club never to become discouraged.

Our officers for the past year are as follows:

Fall term—Viola Davies, President; Mary Rathsack, Secretary; Mrs. Cherry, Treasurer.

Winter term—Adah Skinner, President; Viola Davies, Secretary; Mary Rathsack, Treasurer.

Spring term—Miss Thompson, President; Miss Deena Noonan, Secretary; Miss Mary Rathsack, Treasurer.



The Girls' Debating Club

Sapphonian Society.

The Sapphonian Society is a society for the women of the school. One becomes a Wrightonian or Philadelphian by being drawn into one or the other of these societies. One becomes a member of the Sapphonian Society by her own choice. The Society does not do much advertising and as a consequence its members are active, loyal workers.

The Sapphonian Society is organized on the plan of a woman's club. There may be as many divisions called committees as the girls see fit to organize. Each committee does a special line of work. One is free to join the committee in whose work she is most interested. There is a general meeting of all the committees every two weeks on Friday evening in Room 18. At these meetings one of the committees gives the program. Each committee gives at least three programs during the year. There have been three committees this year, The Literature, Music and College Committees.

The Literature Committee meets on alternate Friday evenings at the home of Miss Colby. A study has been made of the plays of Euripides. "Medea" was read in the fall. For their program in the winter the Committee read the essential parts of this play. During the winter and spring "The Bacchanels" and "Hippolytus" were read. Since this is the only way in school in which an acquaintance with Greek literature can be made the girls of this committee feel doubly repaid for the time spent. Their earnest hope is that the girls next year will read and enjoy some of the great masters in Greek Literature. Eunice Viox has been chairman of this committee.

The Music Committee meets on alternate Thursday afternoons at 3:30 in Room 18. They have made a study of the history and characteristics of American music. The special topic of study was instrumental music and the beginning of the orchestra. The Symphony Orchestras of Boston, New York, and Chicago, and the life of Theodore Thomas were specially studied. Evelyn Schudel has been chairman of this committee.

The College Committee has held its meetings on Monday afternoon at 3:30 in Room 17. They have studied the social life at Vassar and Smith Colleges. This spring they are studying the good times at the various colleges attended by women. This energetic committee has had Sally Reeder for its chairman.

The first regular meeting of the Society this term was held in the form of a reception to the new girls and the women members of the faculty. A short musical program was given followed by an informal reception, it being the desire of the Sapphonians to make the new girls feel at home in their new surroundings.



Sapphonian Society

Wrightonia.

One of the most significant incidents pointing to the present status of Wrightonia occurred April 7. We had with us, Mr. Coons, one of last year's presidents, and Mr. Yoder, a Wrightonian of thirty or forty years ago. In a clever speech Mr. Coons denied that the societies were in any way deteriorating and complimented us on our good attendance and spirit.

Mr. Yoder, however, did not second Mr. Coons' speech of approval. On the contrary he was surprised at the lack of interest displayed and drew a picture of life in those "good old days." That we have excelled the society of last year is commendable, but it is by no means sufficient. We have not yet reached the plane which conditions about us warrant.

Wrightonia, this year, has enjoyed many more advantages than it previously had. Two strong rhetorical teachers have put at our disposal their talent and time. Their assistance has noticeably changed in many ways the character of the selections rendered.

Debates in the societies for the past few years have been a series of disconnected "talk." Mr. Woodward's class in argumentation, practical and theoretical, altho entirely apart from the society, has made its influence felt in Wrightonia. Graduates from that class did not abandon their work satisfied with the theory they had learned and practiced to some extent. They extended their practice in debating beyond the class and were soon the leading debaters in societies. Attendance at a few of the later meetings would enable one to guess just who would represent Wrightonia in next year's contest.

The readings given this year were well chosen and the readers were aided by Mrs. Smith whenever help was desired. None who took part in the programs feel that their time would have been better spent in the rhetorical class.

As has been noted before, the assistance given us by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Woodward has been of much value to us. The question arises "Did we derive the highest benefit possible from this work?"



Wrightonian Society

Only those who took part and those who attended, by means of complimentary tickets, and those who were loyal enough to become full-fledged Wrightonians received benefit from this help. Whose fault is it? Evidently those who did not attend but who give as an excuse for their absence, "society is not interesting." Whose fault is it? Evidently the fault-finders.

That phase of society which proved most interesting and beneficial to us as prospective teachers is almost wholly overlooked, the business meeting. We perform all the business necessary, dispatch it in haste and ignorance and then later are surprised such a motion could ever have carried. Why such inconsiderate voting? We do not discuss questions. It is impossible for us to give due consideration to any action without a knowledge of the facts in the case, yet we jump at conclusions and vote aye and nay. The business meeting ought to brighten up the recess and promote that spirit of friendly rivalry in the society that makes for progress.

The present rule concerning rhetorical has given us better conditions than we hitherto have enjoyed. Now only those who are willing and anxious appear on programs. The bugbear, compulsory rhetorical, has fortunately disappeared.

Our programs this year have been good. The select few did excellent work. Miss Coith had her heart in her work, and so inevitably accomplished much for the society. One felt that the program committees had planned their programs and had done their work. Such organization of the working force in Wrightonia is to be commended.

Miss Felmley's administration showed careful planning and a conscientious effort to secure the best talent of the school. Mr. Reinhart has put forth some heroic schemes and has made them as successful as possible in the society. Altho Wrightonia has been prospering, there is room for improvement. If Wrightonians stand for anything at all they stand for improvement and progress. We sincerely hope that the class of '07 will accomplish as much more next year as we did this.

X. Y. Z.

Wrightonian Play.

Given in Wrightonian Hall, February 17, 1906.
Two farces by William Dean Howells.

THE SLEEPING CAR.

Mr. Edward Roberts.....Henry Stice
Mrs. Agnes Roberts, his wife.....Hattie Selby
Willis Campbell, her brother.....Alfred Blackburn
Aunt Mary, her aunt.....Louise Olivereau
The Californian.....Daniel Hannon
Conductor.....C. Albright
Porter.....Alvin Coith

EVENING DRESS.

Mr. Roberts.....Jay Crist
Mrs. Roberts.....Dorothea Glessing
Mr. Campbell.....Ralston Brock
Mrs. Campbell.....Hazel Brand
MaidLouise McTaggart

February favored the theater goers of Normal with one of the most successful events of the season, the Wrightonian Play. The advance agent of the troupe must have followed one of those arrows to success of the brand, "Learn to Advertise." At any rate this is something like the poster announcing the visit of the players:

Coming

TWO GREAT PERFORMANCES

MRS. CORA McCULLOM SMITH

presents

the best known and most accomplished actors of the day in two
agonizingly funny farces by WM. DEAN HOWELLS

THE SLEEPING CAR

and

EVENING DRESS.

In *The Sleeping Car* the western public will have their first opportunity to see the most glowing performer of the conductor role now playing on the American stage.

Evening Dress will afford the citizens of Normal an opportunity of seeing a greater variety, and a greater number of full dress suits than are known to have ever been in the city.

Prices: 25c, 75c*, \$1.50†, \$3.00††.

Have you ever lain awake on a sleeping car trying not to hear the ladies talking in a section toward the far end of the car? If you have you know part of the troubles of the Californian and his fellow passengers on a train of the Boston and Albany once upon a time. Mrs. Roberts and Aunt Mary talked long and loudly to the great annoyance of their fellow-passengers. Finally they got into their berths, bulky Aunt Mary finding considerable difficulty in scaling the heights to the upper berth even with the colored porter for a ladder. Then Mrs. Roberts began a series of invasions in the Californian's section. First she went for a drink and could not tell which was her berth when she came back. The Californian pleaded for a chance to rest, then, observing the distress of Mrs. Roberts at having disturbed the passengers the graciousness of his nature asserted itself and he became her champion against the irate and sarcastic passengers who began commenting from the seclusion of their berths. After quiet was restored Mr. Roberts came aboard to surprise his wife. He invaded the Californian's berth looking for her and was mistaken for a thief, with result that the passengers, conductor, and porter were aroused and a lot of explanations followed.

The Californian was later disturbed when Mrs. Roberts went looking for her baby and got the wrong berth. And again when Mr. and Mrs. Roberts had concluded that the courteous Californian must be Mrs. Roberts' brother, who had for years been in California and was then returning east for a visit. The brother, Willis, finally boarded the train; and being told of the Californian, he concluded he must be a friend,

*Voluntary. †Never refused. ††Box for the season

Tom Goodall. Consequently he tore into the berth of the stranger, but found him to be one Abram Sawyer. It greatly disappointed Mrs. Roberts that he should not "turn out to be anybody after all." Even Aunt Mary discovered that he was not her "old friend Kate Harris' daughter." At Boston the party left the train, with the Californian in tow, determined to give him a pleasant Christmas at their home.

Evening Dress is a farce, almost tragi-comedy of much interest. Mr. Roberts is just home from a trip too tired and sleepy to know his name. But there is a private musicale on for the evening. Mrs. Roberts' real opinion of the hostess is not complimentary but for social reasons lays upon her husband's conscience the duty of going. She goes with Mrs. Campbell, leaving Roberts to dress and come later with Campbell. Mr. Campbell comes late and finds Roberts dead asleep in his chair. The most of the remainder of the play gives Campbell's effort to get Roberts dressed.

Roberts drags himself about in search of his dress-suit, bringing into the room one lot of wearing apparel after another—old trousers, bathrobes, pajamas, outgrown vests and coats—everything but the dress-suit needed. The borrowing begins. The maid is sent to one of the other apartments and returns with a suit many sizes too small. She tries again and gets one big enough for an ex-President or Secretary of War. Then the ladies return and Mrs. Roberts is so mortified with the results of her putting her husband's suit away so carefully that he couldn't find it, that she wails over her inability ever again to hold up her head in society.

The staging and acting of these two excellent farces quite justified the extravagant claims made by the advertisers. What more can be said? Individual comment on all those doing good work would have to include every one that played, as well as the trainer.

Philadelphian Society.

The close of our present school year marks a year which has held in store, cause for both joy and regret in the Philadelphian society;—joy that we are at last out of debt; that things are as well with us as they are; regret that the year is not longer; that we have not accomplished so much as we planned last September.

Throughout much of the year, unit programs were planned and carefully carried out, our members thinking that a greater degree of interest and society spirit could be gained by so doing than by using miscellaneous programs. As a general thing, the programs have been good, a help to both the givers and the listeners. As is the case with any society or organization, there have been some failures, but these should not prove a source of discouragement, particularly when so much work that is really good has been done. The Scotch and American Song programs were two of our most interesting evenings. The American Song program, given January 13, 1906, was as follows:

Paper	Miss Coen
American Song Composers.	
Songs.....	Miss Ella Johnson
If I Were a Bee.....Gaynor.	
And I.....Gaynor.	
Song.....	Miss O'Hara
A Winter Lullaby..DeKoven.	
Songs.....	Mr. Westhoff
Sleep Time, Mah Honey....Howell.	
The Young Muleteers of Granada.	
Song.....	Miss Maude Wallace
Recess.	
Reading.....	Mrs. Smith
Little Brown Baby...Dunbar.	
A Lullaby.....Dunbar.	
Quartette.....	Lulu Vencill, Maud Wallace, Ruby Jones, Ruth Evans
Lullaby.	
Paper.....	Augusta Krieger
Two American Poets, Favorites with American Song Writers.	
Poems by these writers, in song.....	Emma Kleinau
Life's Lesson.....Riley.	
Little Boy Blue.....Field.	



Philadelphian Society

But the most enjoyable program of the year was given February 10 by some of the Philadelphian members of the Alumni. The Hon. Jesse Black, of Pekin, was the presiding officer of the evening, and his brilliant, witty skirmishes with J. Dickey Templeton, of Bloomington, put the audience in a happy frame of mind, ready for an evening's pleasure. The tender, pleasant reminiscences given by our elder brothers and sisters made us feel more than ever before, that it is indeed an honor to be a Philadelphian, and made us desire to keep Philadelphia so prosperous that there need creep into these reminiscences no hint of displeasure nor disappointment in regard to the present management of the society.

While we lost the last literary contest, we felt that our sister society won fairly, and in our disappointment there was no tinge of malice nor envy, neither any blame for our losing contestants, but we gave credit where credit was due, and are anxiously waiting for the contest of the coming year, in which to redeem ourselves.

At the close of the winter term, our society gave a play—A Russian Honeymoon, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The play was well rendered, due in part to Mrs. Smith's careful drilling, and was given before a large audience. Such programs mean hard work for those who give them, but are pleasant breaks in the regular lines of society work.

Two other literary programs of the year seem worthy of mention; those given by the junior and senior classes. Each class gave an enjoyable evening to the Philadelphians, and of course, each class considered that it outdid the other.

Some of our Philadelphian lads and lassies, deciding that the society contests should not all be of a literary character, entered into basket ball contests with the Wrightonian teams. The results showed victory for the Philadelphian girls, while the Wrightonian boys won.

As our work closes, and we leave the dear old halls, so full of happy memories, we urge the Philadelphians who take the lead in next year's work to remember,

“Orange and black are our colors strong.

We'll wave them high and we'll wave them long,”

and we wish for you and the society that the year 1906 and '07 may be one of success and pleasure.

NELLIE B. FRY.

Philadelphian Play.

Given in Philadelphian Hall February 24, 1906.

THE RUSSIAN HONEYMOON. By Mrs. Harrison.

CAST.

Alexis Petrovitch (a journeyman, afterward Gustave,
Count Woroffski).....Gresham Griggs
Poleska, his wife.....Esther Seeley
Baroness Vladimir, his sister.....Edna Coith
Ivan, a master shoemaker.....Francis Gray
Micheline, his daughter.....Goldie Sharples
Koulikoff Demetrovitch, intendent of the Chateau
Woroffski.....Chester Dillon
Osip, a young peasant.....Foster Russell
Guards.....Donald Beck, James Rice
Peasants.....Ora Milliken, Eunice Viox, Etta Rohrback,
James Smith, Leonard McKean, Raymond Kimmell.

In the middle of February Normal was visited by a bill poster whose name ought to be known. His work is an example of how great deeds often go unsung and unrewarded. He left an announcement that caused considerable commotion.

THE RUSSIAN HONEYMOON
will be played at the Philadelphian Hall
February 24, 1906,
by an
ALL STAR CAST
under the management of the successful
MRS. CORA McCULLOM-SMITH.

The chance of a lifetime to see the ebb and flow of Titanic Russian emotions and to hear the terrible Russian names roll glibly from practiced tongues. Dignity, humility, cruelty, generosity, conviviality, supreme hateur, and victorious love, will all be presented with artistic finish.

One night only—Popular prices.

Was it all a joke? Oh, no! Gresham Griggs seemed quite at home at the shoemaker's bench. He was really a count, but was executing a clever *coup* to cure his wife, Poleska, of a haughtiness the gods could scarce have equalled. It was a hard role, this of Poleska. But Esther Seeley played it with the flash of eye, the curl of lip, the utter scorn of bearing and of tone that made the part a memorable one. Inordinate pride was the one bad trait of the beautiful Poleska, whom the count had just married. He hastened on to his home ahead of her, assumed the disguise of a journeyman, and contrived to receive her in the house of his master shoemaker. Francis Gray took quite naturally to the role of this self-satisfied master workman who liked to sing and feast with his apprentices and friends. He very successfully made sport of the imperious Poleska, who insisted on being obeyed and served as a great lady. Poleska contrived to escape to the protection of the Baroness Vladimir and to have her husband arrested. Of course when Poleska was given her release from her husband, and found as she thought, that he was to be exiled for his presumptuous crime, she was absolutely subdued and begged to share her husband's hard lot. Then the apprentice became the Count, to the astonishment of everybody but his sister, who knew him at once when he was brought before her under arrest. What an excellent, really and truly, baroness Edna Coith would make.

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set
To give the world assurance of a (countess)."

Chester Dillon showed good qualifications for a slave driver, but his attentions to Michilene, were not as successful, *mirabile dictu*, as those of the young peasant Osip. It must be remembered, however, that this was only in a play. Goldie Sharples was very attractive and winsome and played well indeed, tho she must have found herself and her part much in conflict. "The play may be the thing to catch the conscience of the king," but it will not always catch the sentiments of Normal students.

The Inter-society Contest.

At last the contest was over and Wrightonia is the winner. When Mr. Felmley announced that the judges had given the instrumental music to Wrightonia there was absolute silence for several seconds—the Wrightonians themselves being too much surprised to cheer. However, as soon as they realized that this meant the victory was theirs, the old Normal Hall was filled with enthusiastic shouts of joy.

While waiting for the decision of the judges, the Philadelphians were confident of winning the debate, oration, instrumental music, and essay. Occasionally a Wrightonian could be found who claimed four points for his society, and some few claimed five, but most of them were hopeless. The decision giving the debate to the Philadelphians was expected and consequently the announcement was greeted with a deafening roar. The announcement of the vocal music in favor of the Wrightonians created little surprise, as this point was generally conceded to them, and here they improved to their full their opportunity to yell, not feeling confident what the future might bring forth. The Philadelphians were prepared to make even more noise when the decision of the essay was given, but to their surprise it was in favor of Wrightonia. When the recitation was announced in favor of the Wrightonians, making the points stand three to two in their favor, they became jubilant, and yelled accordingly. However, the Philadelphians were still confident. Then came the announcement of the instrumental music for Wrightonia. The Philadelphians gasped in amazement, and exclaimed “How in the world did it happen?” while the Wrightonians, after one brief moment of surprised silence, shrieked with joy because of the victory they had not expected to win. After this, when the decision of the oration was given in favor of the Philadelphians, the demonstration was noisy but lacking in enthusiasm.

The contest was a hard one for the Philadelphians to lose. From the first they had been confident of winning the debate,

because the contest rules are such that when the question is at all favorable to the negative, victory for that side is practically assured. With the debate safe, they felt confident of winning two more points. However, for the second time in succession the Wrightonians managed to win without the debate.

Altho many of the usual forms of society demonstration were debarred by "order from headquarters," nevertheless the enthusiasm felt by both societies was forcefully expressed by loud applause and an attempt at organized yelling. The Philadelphians were successful in carrying out their carefully planned program of songs and yells.

The debate, "RESOLVED, That railway rates in the United States, in so far as they affect inter-state commerce, should be made and enforced by a Federal Commission," was ably presented from both sides of the question.

The affirmative was supported by Asa P. Goddard and Miss Clara Coith, for Wrightonia. The negative was supported by Mr. James Smith and Miss Mary Damman, for Philadelphia.

The opinion so often held of debates, that they are uninteresting, was held by none in the audience, Contest night. The debate was fine. Each speaker did well. The delivery of the two young ladies was exceptionally good.

The readers were Miss Dorothea Glessing, representing the Wrightonians and Miss Goldie Sharples, representing the Philadelphians. Miss Sharples read "Her First Appearance," one of Richard Harding Davis' short stories. Her rendering was in good taste all the way thru—simple and dignified and natural. Her manner before her audience was entirely self-possessed and free from any mannerisms that could detract from the effect of the story. Miss Glessing chose one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' fisher-folk stories, "The Madonna of the Tubs." She held the attention of the audience thru their interest in the characters she was portraying. Her characters lived before us. The readers could be easily understood, the enunciation of both being clear cut. Neither showed any signs of uneasiness.

The contest in vocal music was even more close than the reading contest. Miss McTaggart, the Wrightonian vocalist, in her selections: (a) Serenade, Neidlinger; (b) Love is Best, Lecocq, evidenced much improvement over former efforts, improvements in flexibility, beauty and lightness of tone.



Goldie Sharples	Eleanor Hoierman	Dorothea Glessing	Mary Damman	Veronica O'Hara
Louis McTaggart	Ralston Brock	I. D. Frantz	Clara Coith	James Smith
	Margaret Triplett	Esther Seeley	Emma Kleinau	
	A. P. Goddard			

Miss O'Hara, the Philadelphian contestant, chose the songs: (a) *Reverie*, Shelly; (b) *Love's Entreaty*, Louis C. Tipton. Miss O'Hara's singing was characterized by the deep emotional feeling in her two songs. Her voice showed improvement in breadth and fullness of tone. The selections of both contestants were well chosen.

The instrumental numbers were: (a) "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair," Ethelbert Nevin; (b) *Valse Caprice*, Rubinstein, Eleanor Hoierman for Wrichtonia; (a) *Hark, Hark, the Lark*, Schubert-Liszt; (b) *Octave Etude*, Ascher, Margaret Triplett for Philadelphia. Both contestants showed in the excellence of their work their careful preparation for the contest.

The essays, "The Country School Problem," Irwin D. Frantz, for Wrichtonia; "The Value of Unpaid Service," Esther Seeley, for Philadelphia. The essays this year were good, but represented two different types. The decision was mainly a matter of the personal taste of the judges, for both papers seemed of the same grade of excellence.

The orations, "The New Patriotism," Ralston Brock, for Wrichtonia; "Freedom versus Responsibility," Emma Kleinau, for Philadelphia. Miss Kleinau's oration excelled Mr. Brock's in thought, but it lacked the smoothness and polish that characterized Mr. Brock's oration. Miss Kleinau was personally so interested and earnest in her appeal that her oration was generally conceded better than Mr. Brock's.

The Phils came to the hall prepared to do their demonstration "up brown." Only one thing prevented—the Wrights won. The morning after the contest, every Phil. could be recognized from afar—by his long face.

The record of contests now stands as follows::

Number of contests.....	45
Number of ties.....	3
Contests won by Wrichtonia.....	24
Contests won by Philadelphia.....	18
Points won by Wrichtonia.....	148
Points won by Philadelphia.....	145
Number of points tied.....	2
Wrichtonia "whitewashed".....	1
Philadelphia "whitewashed".....	3

Lecture Course, 1905-06.

Hahn Festival Orchestra (32 instruments and a soloist.)

Whitney Brothers' Quartet and Reader.

Dr. Geo. L. Cole, of Pasadena, Cal. Subject: "The Ancient Cliff Dwellers." (With stereopticon views.)

Prof. Geo. Vincent, of the Chicago University. Subject: "Children versus Grown-ups."

Mr. James Speed. Subject: "The Red-headed Woodpecker." (Illustrated.)

Mr. James Speed, Subject: "The Haunts of the Great Blue Heron." (Illustrated.)

Dean Southwick, of Emerson College of Oratory, of Boston.

MEMBERS OF THE LECTURE BOARD.

Rev. Newton, of the Christian Church; Rev. Moreland, of the Congregational Church; Rev. Ilsley, of the Baptist Church; Rev. Doole, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. McCullough, of the Methodist Church; Supt. Fritter; Pres. Felmley; Mrs. Cunningham; Mr. Bawden, Secretary; Florence Bennett, 1st Vice-Pres.; Isaac Wilson, 2d Vice-Pres.; Irwin Frantz, Treasurer; Edna Coith, President.

Oratorical Association.

The annual Oratorical and Declamatory contest held Saturday evening, March 3, was regarded by many as one of the best contests of recent years. The orations and declamations were wisely chosen and well given. The audience, altho not so large as it should have been, was appreciative and encouraged the speakers by close attention and generous applause.

The respective winners, Miss Emma Kleinau and Miss Mina Hendrickson, were awarded the Edwards medals.

The program given was as follows :

Music.....	Girls' Glee Club
Oration.....	Democracy or Plutocracy PAUL JOHNSON.
Oration.....	The First Need of the Filipinos MIGUEL NICDAO.
Oration.....	The Obligations of Citizenship EMMA KLEINAU.
Piano Duet.....	Hazel Brand, Frances Kessler
	Recess.
Declamation—The Night Run of the Overland.....	Peake RUBY CALES.
Declamation—(a) Apple Blossoms.....	Martin
	(b) Corydon.....T. B. Aldrich
	(c) The Rock-a-bye Lady from Hush-a-bye StreetField MINA HENDRICKSON.
Declamation—The Making of an Orator.....	Crane JENNIE MARTIN.
Declamation—Pauline Pavlovna.....	Aldrich CLARA COITH.
Music.....	Boys' Glee Club
	Decision of Judges.
	Presentation of Medals by Dr. Edwards.



ORATORICAL BOARD

Bastian

Ritcher

Mr. Woodward

Clark

Mrs. Smith

Jones

Jones
Triplett

Felmley
Smith

Fennelly
Smith

Gray

Stark
Stice

Stark
Stice



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

- | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|----------|--------------|---------|-----------------|-----------|----------|-------------|----------|------------|
| R. Jones | F. Kindt | M. Robinson | A. Lane | L. Stiegelmeier | B. Powell | R. Frank | R. Maffioli | H. Smith | R. Burdick |
| | | M. Rath sack | | L. Mosts | E. Coen | | E. Conyers | | |
| | | | | | R. Evans | | | | |



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

C. McKean

Westhoff

Dingledine

H. McKean
Scott

Buzzard
Niedao

Johnson
Lomibao

Brock



Producing the Life-Unfolding Process. (In practice.)

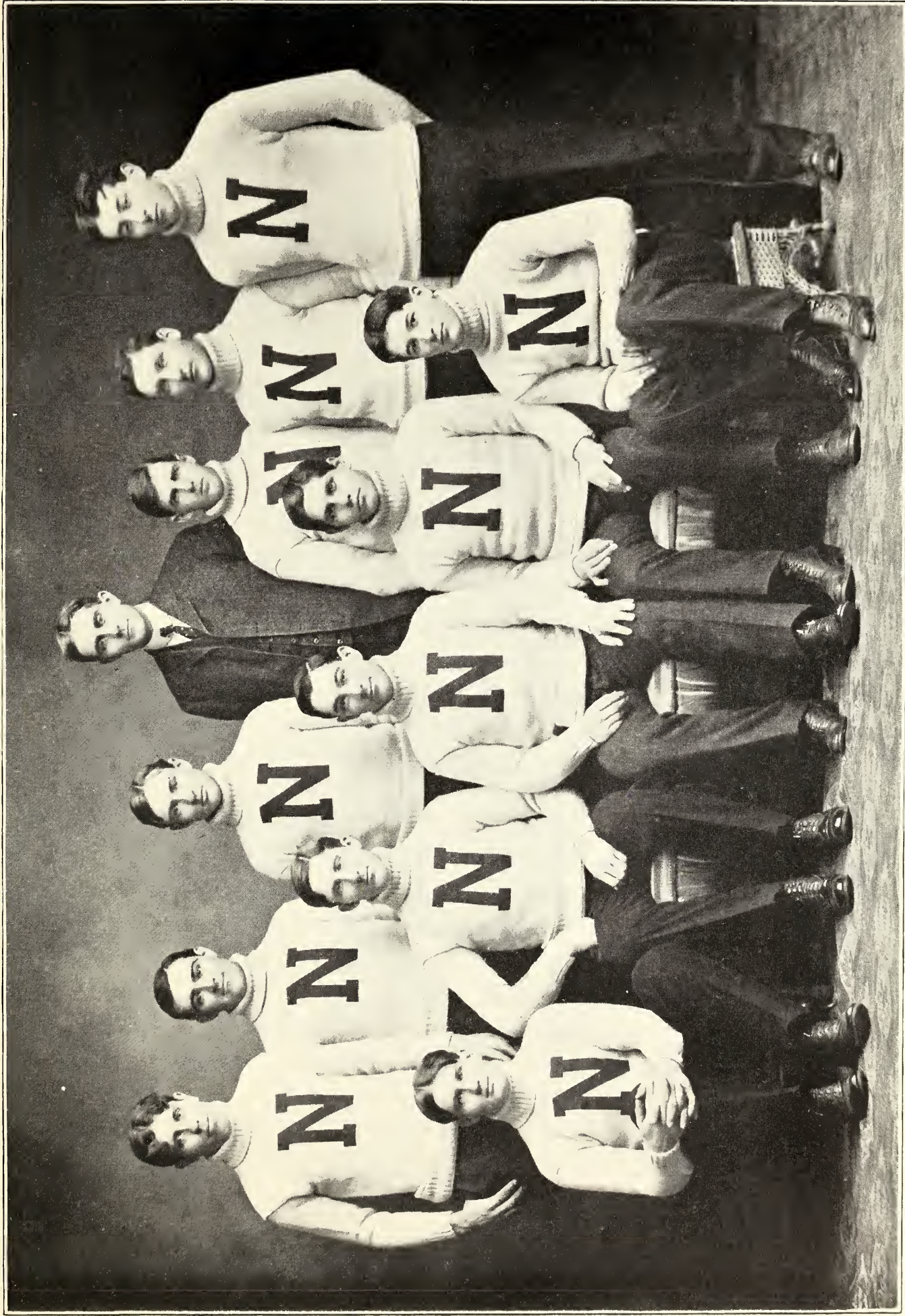


Foot Ball.

The football season of 1905 was a marked success, from whatever viewpoint it is considered. First of all, a schedule of games was arranged such that victory meant something, and defeat was not a cause for shame. Then the team did its part by winning eight of the ten games played, and making a showing in the other two that will cause the opposing teams to have a wholesome respect for Normal in the future. The financial result of the season was also satisfactory, as there was a surplus of sixty-seven dollars, notwithstanding the refusal of Illinois College to pay the expenses of the Normal team's trip to Jacksonville, amounting to sixty-three dollars.

The enthusiasm and spirit aroused among the students were as much cause for congratulation as the games won and the surplus in the treasury. Since the famous team of '97, the last football team that managed to win a majority of the games played, the greatest enemy of football has been apathy among the students. While conditions this year were not all that could be desired, there was a marked improvement. About eighty-five season tickets were sold, and the attendance from the student body increased as the season progressed, until the game with Wesleyan brought together probably the largest crowd of students and alumni ever seen at a football game—certainly the largest in recent years. And thruout the season whatever was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. The climax of organized yelling was displayed in the Macomb game, when the rooting under the direction of Mr. Woodward was almost as much a feature as the game itself. Probably the most enthusiasm was displayed at the Wesleyan game however, when we got revenge for all the ignominy heaped upon us in recent years by our neighbors by out-playing them so completely at every stage of the game as to leave the matter beyond dispute. While there was no organized demonstration, as in the Macomb game, the more fundamental enthusiasm that shows itself by complete silence while a play is being executed, and a burst of genuine applause at its end was more marked in this game than at any other time during the season.

The appended record of games won and lost is the most eloquent testimony of the actual playing, so little need be said on that score. The regular attendance of the players at practice, the absence of injuries, the conduct of the players at home and abroad, the winning style of play developed, the victories



I. S. N. U. FOOTBALL TEAM

Telford
Power

H. McKean

Rice

Blackburn

L. McKean
Stewart

Pulliam
Dillon

Gray
C. Harrison

G. Harrison

over Macomb and Charleston, our sister Normals, and over Wesleyan, our ancient enemy—all these speak volumes to followers of the game and friends of the school. The one thing to mar the playing record was the trouble with Illinois College. Because of officiating that seemed to all the Normal players and many of the spectators palpably unfair and obviously intended to keep Normal from scoring, the Normal team left the field after sixteen minutes of play in the second half. As a result athletic relations between the schools are unfriendly, to put it mildly. It is unfortunate that the necessity for leaving the field arose, but the greatest bane of football among the smaller schools is the officiating succinctly described as “rotten,” and the only protection against it at present is leaving the field. The action of Illinois College since in refusing to pay the expenses of the Normal team certainly does little toward convincing the public that the athletic authorities there are willing to take any decided stand against incompetent and unfair officiating.

The outlook for a better team than ever next year is excellent. Gray, H. McKean, C. Harrison, G. Harrison, Power, and Dillon, of this year's team, will be back, besides possibly Blackburn. Several other experienced players have either entered school, or expressed their intention of entering in the fall, so a team that will give a good account of itself is expected. In other respects the prospect is not so flattering, however. This year there was considerable opposition to the game, among both students and faculty. After speaking earnestly or sarcastically of the evils of the game at general exercises two or three days a week, Mr. Felmley's stereotyped comment, “I hope many of you will see fit to attend this game” that usually followed the announcement of a game, seemed “colorless” to say the least; and certainly it aroused no desire among the students to see a game. Mr. Felmley has the influence over the students that the president should have, and so long as that influence is used in active opposition to football, the condition of the game in this school is at best precarious.

The record of games played, and the names of the regular players of the team follow :

Date	Teams	Where Play	Score
Sept. 29,	I.S.N.U.—Lincoln,	at Normal,	29-0.
Oct. 3,	I.S.N.U.—Bloomington High School,	at Normal,	12-0.
Oct. 14,	I.S.N.U.—University of Illinois team,	at Normal,	36-0.
Oct. 21,	I.S.N.U.—Illinois College,	at Jacksonville,	0-6.
Oct. 28,	I.S.N.U.—Bradley Polytechnic,	at Peoria,	29-0.
Nov. 3,	I.S.N.U.—Charleston Normal,	at Normal,	6-4.



THE FOOT BALL SQUAD

L McKEON

C DILLON

The Index, 1906

Nov. 11, I.S.N.U.—Bloomington High School, at Bloomington, 18-0.

Nov. 18, I.S.N.U.—Macomb Normal, at Normal, 24-6.

Nov. 25, I.S.N.U.—Milliken, at Decatur, 0-12.

Nov. 30, I.S.N.U.—Wesleyan, at Bloomington, 11-0.

Games won, 8; games lost, 2.

Points scored by I.S.N.U., 165; by opponents, 28.

Right end—Power.

Left Tackle—G. Harrison.

Right Tackle—Telford.

Left End—C. Harrison.

Right Guard—H. McKean.

Quarter—McWherter.

Center—Blackburn.

Right Half—Rice.

Left Guard—Gray.

Left Half—Dillon.

Full Back—L. McKean.

FRED TELFORD.

The Basket Ball Season.

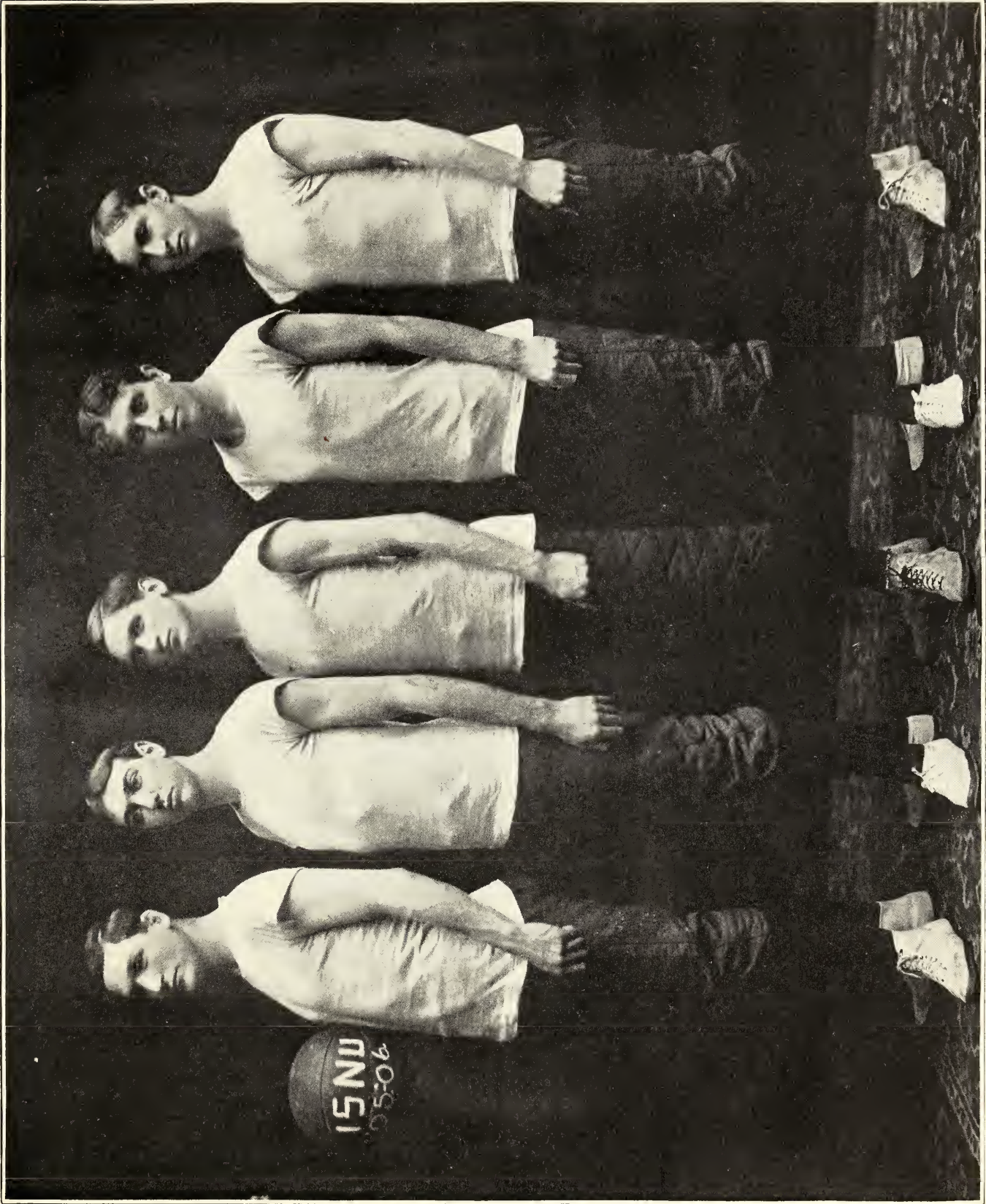
For years past basket-ball in the I.S.N.U. has been a decided success, not only in the matter of winning games, but financially. Whether the above precedent was the influencing factor or not we can not say, but this we do know, that out of a very unpromising beginning was developed a highly satisfactory basket-ball team.

With the exception of one man, all on the first team were playing foot-ball, as were also most of those on the second team. Therefore basket-ball received but little attention until Thanksgiving. Then began the practice for the annual society game, but in this the Philadelphians had little hopes, so nearly everyone was in a hurry to play that game and begin to develop a first team.

The first Friday after Christmas vacation, the team went to Pontiac to play with the Y.M.C.A. team of that place. They won easily by a score of 49 to 15, one of their forwards throwing ten goals.

Everyone thought from this that Mr. Woodward and his choir of "rooters" from our gridiron would be kept hoarse, yelling for our team. This might have been the case if only the team had played more games at home. But this lack of games on our own floor is, we think, the cause of the falling off of the basket-ball spirit, which was quite manifest last season.

After Christmas, Mr. McKean, the business manager of the basket-ball team, could not return to school, so a new manager was elected.



Gray Frantz I. S. N. U. TEAM Telford Blackburn

Mr. McKean was carrying on correspondence with several schools and would probably have gotten a good schedule, but as it was, correspondence was stopped for two or three weeks. He had arranged definitely, tho, for a return game with Pontiac, but had failed to speak to the proper authorities for the use of the gymnasium before some people had obtained the use of it for a dance; consequently the manager had to cancel the date with the Pontiac team.

We tried for awhile to get a schedule of games altho working under the double handicap of having to adjust our schedule to the schedules of other schools, and overcoming the opposition of the various classes and societies who wished the gymnasium for dances and receptions.

In getting the Gym it was a matter of first come, first served. The only thing that kept our team from being a total failure was that every man had had experience in basket-ball. For the amount of practice gotten (three half-hours thru the week and one hour on Saturday) was hardly enough for exercise, let alone any chance for the development of skill, which is so essential.

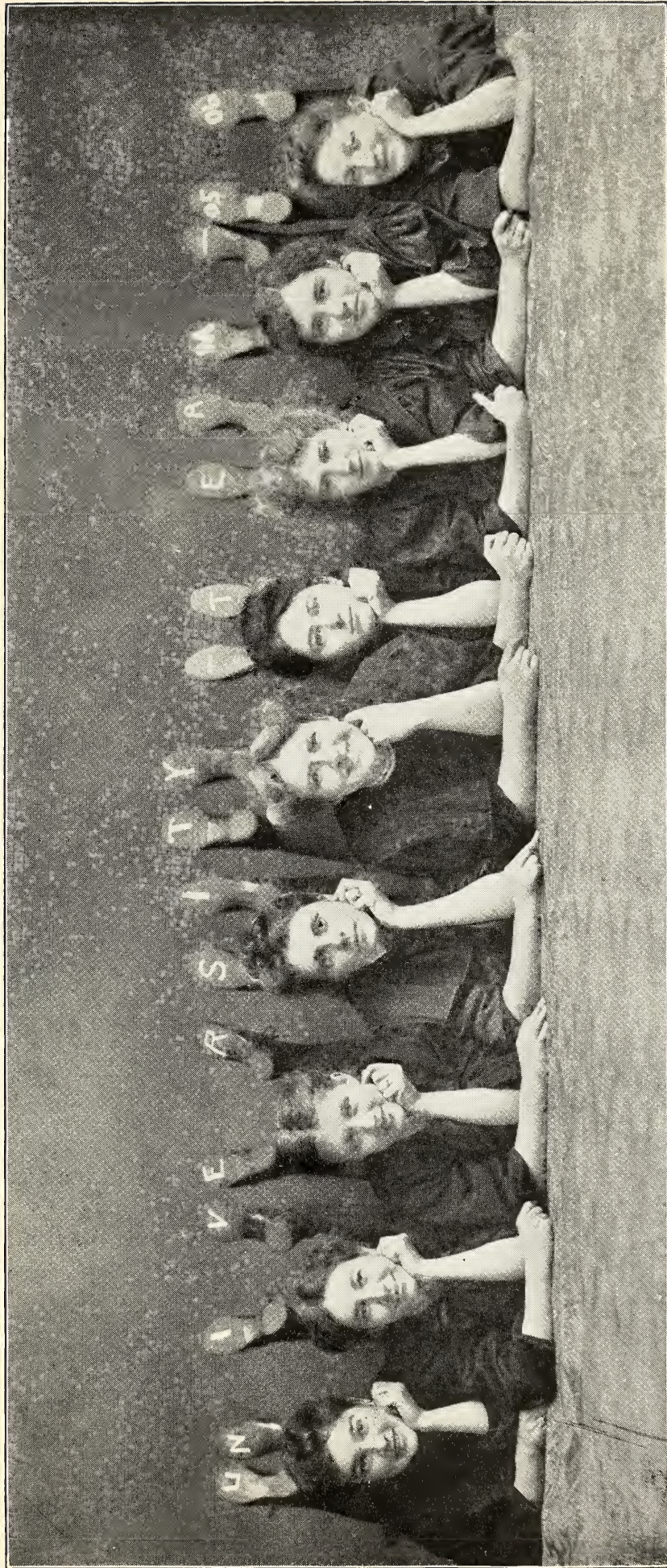
One reason for this lack of time was the great amount of work done in the gymnasium in the winter term. For example, a large class of men took gymnastics the seventh hour. With the exception of three men, none of the members of this class appeared regularly on the foot-ball field in the fall. These men tried to play basket-ball in the fall. Then, when the winter came the men of school were allowed three hours a week to use the gymnasium outside of class hours.

Some claim that a regular first team is not needed in school to keep up the different games; but it was noticed this year that nearly as soon as the first team disbanded the "scrubs" lost interest in their practices. And furthermore, this spring we have no base-ball team, and not a boy can be seen on the campus practicing base-ball.

Of the three games played by the first team on the home ground the one with Wheaton was by far the best. The enthusiasm during this game was equaled only by that on our gridiron in the fall.

While Wheaton beat us by a large score, at no time could it be said they had an easy time. At one stage of the game the score was a tie and Normal broke it and at this nearly every one in the house rose, waved his hands and cheered at the top of his voice.

The following record of games played follows:



I. S. N. U. GIRLS TEAM

Gray	Gibeaut	Johnson	Davies	Coith	Triplett	Hoierman	Robison	Felmley
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The Index, 1906

Jan. 12, at Pontiac—Pontiac Y.M.C.A., 15; I.S.N.U., 49
Jan. 27, at Peoria—Bradley, 16; I.S.N.U., 45.
Feb. 2, at Normal—Wheaton, 43; I.S.N.U., 28.
Feb. 17, at Normal—Eureka, 23; I.S.N.U., 45.
Feb. 24, at Vandalia—Vandalia H. S., 14; I.S.N.U., 25.
Feb. 25, at Decatur—Decatur Y.M.C.A., 18; I.S.N.U., 28.
Mar. 2, at Normal—Second team U. of I., 21; I.S.N.U., 49.
Mar. 9, at Eureka—Eureka, 38; I.S.N.U., 17.
Total points scored by opposition, 188; by I.S.N.U., 287.

As the record shows we won the greater part of the games and we also met expenses, but they were very light.

The second team this year was made up of quite evenly matched players and by each having a chance to either make "good" on the first team or to be substitute, they came out to practice regularly.

The team is to be congratulated on the spirit and regularity with which they came to practice.

This is one good of having little practice, it tends to create a habit of promptness and punctuality in the players.

The second team played the following games:

Jan. 26, at Normal—Normal H., 26; I.S.N.U. Sec., 17.
Feb. 9, at Lexington—Lexington H. S., 19; I.S.N.U. Sec., 16.
Feb. 24, at Normal—Lexington H.S., 10; I.S.N.U. Sec., 67.
Mar. 8, at Normal—Normal H.S., 22; I.S.N.U. Sec., 20.

The girls had material in school for the best team ever representing this institution, but owing to the fact that they are not allowed to go away from home to play except with other Normal Schools, they had no schedule to speak of.

They did play the following games, and the two played on the home floor were accompanied with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm.

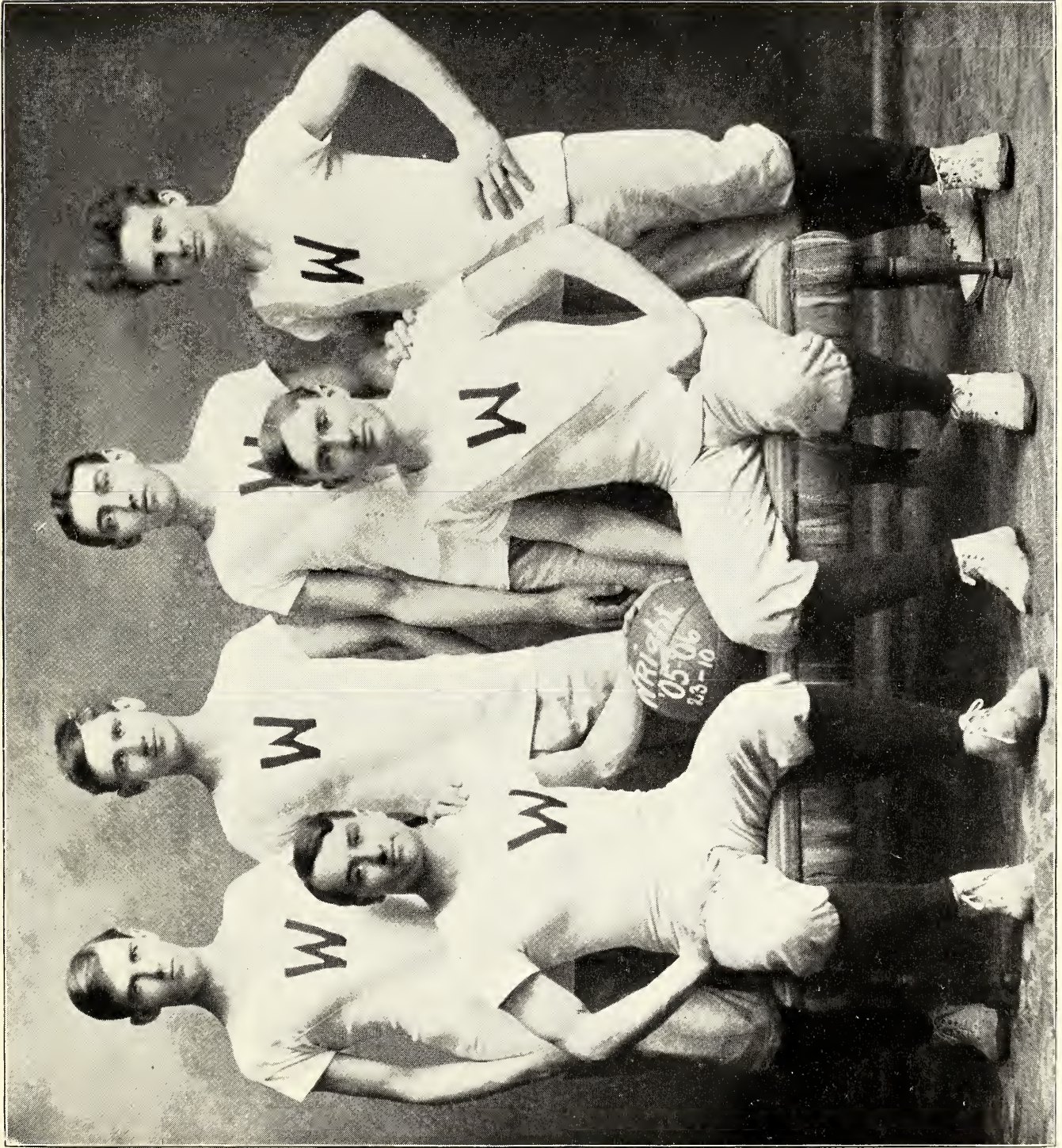
Bloomington H.S., 8; I.S.N.U., 34.
Bloomington H.S., 17; I.S.N.U., 15.
Second Team, 2; I.S.N.U., 18

Last but not least in interest was the doub'e game between the senior and junior girls, and between the senior and junior boys. The outcome of both of these games was a complete surprise. After Frantz failed to return to school for the spring term, most of the seniors conceded the fact that the junior boys would win, but always answering, "Our *girls* will show you how to play the game."

But at the close of the games the score was just the reverse of our expectations. The boys' game was peculiar in that it was a mixture of foot-ball and basket-ball. Its only redeeming feature was that it was fast, close, and interesting.

The score of the two games were as follows:

Senior boys, 26; junior boys, 23.
Senior girls, 3; junior girls, 22.



WRIGHTONIAN BOYS BASKET BALL TEAM

M. Pulliam

J. Crist
P. McWherter

I. D. Frantz
A. Blackburn

L. Stuckey

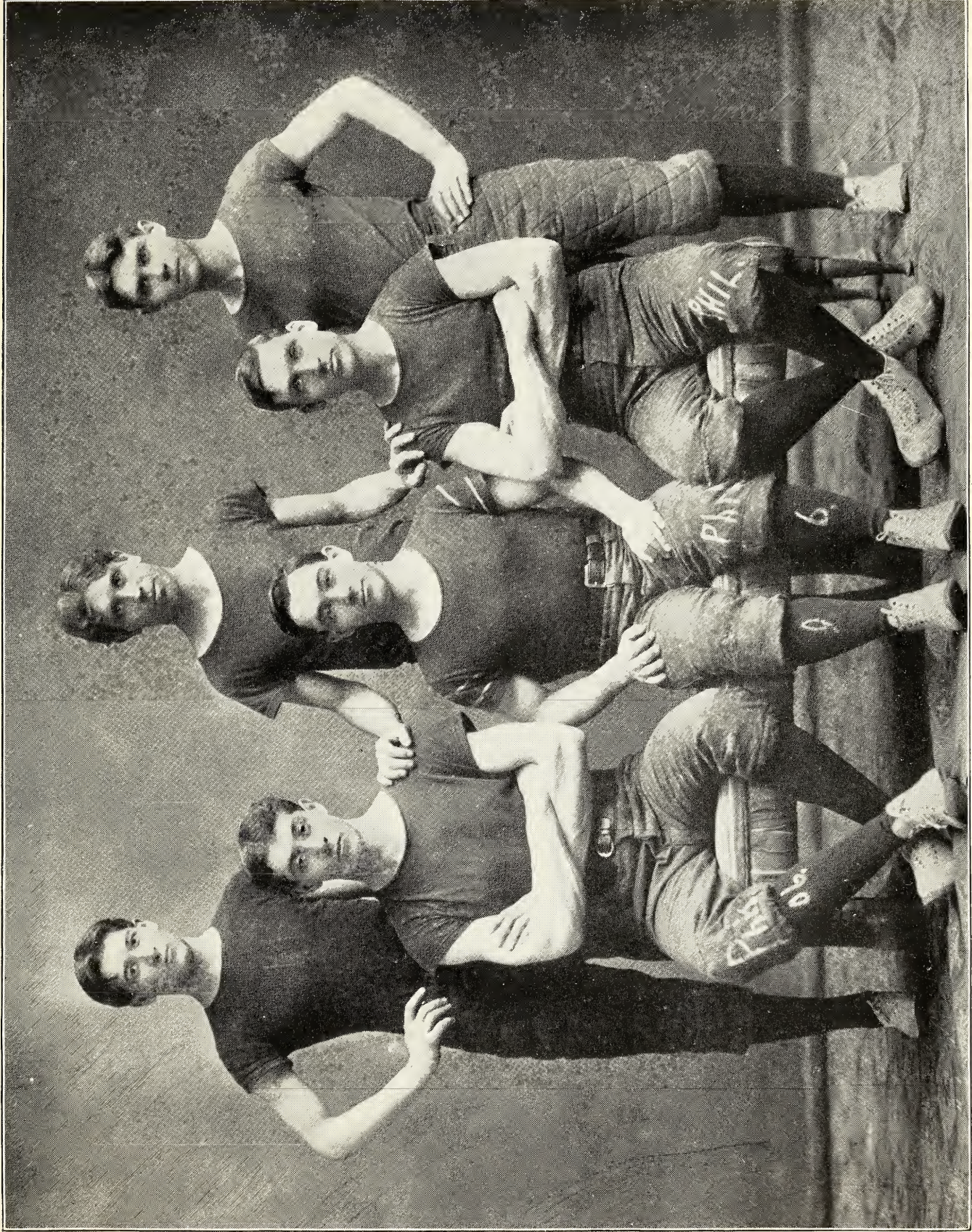


WRIGHTONIAN GIRLS' TEAM

E. Hoiermann
H. Brand

V. Davies
E. Gray

A. Smith
R. Felmley



PHILADELPHIAN BOYS' TEAM

C. Harrison

G. Harrison

Telford
McKean

Gray

Black



PHILADELPHIAN GIRLS' TEAM

M. Robinson

E. Johnson

E. Coith

E. Klein

M. Gilbeaut

B. Powell

The Track Meet.

The I.S.N.U. never expects to shine in all forms of athletics in a single year, and after the foot-ball and basket-ball seasons had pulled thru so successfully the supposition was that we had nothing more to look for during this year at least. But not so thought our talent in track and field athletics. Learning that a five-cornered in-door meet was to take place in the coliseum late in the winter term, a squad was organized and, in spite of very limited practice, it came within one of landing first place, being nosed out in the last few minutes of the contest by the more fully trained team from the Bloomington high school. But this did not prevent having the satisfaction of beating the Wesleyans by a score of 24 to 10. The Normal high school and the Bloomington Y.M.C.A. secured fourth and fifth places.

The brunt of Normal's battle was waged by McWherter, who won fifteen points in the quarter, half and mile runs. His work was first class in all of these races, but especially so in the quarter and half, as he sprinted out beautifully on these finishes, to the great discomfort of his opponents. The other point winners were McLemore and Grover Harrison, who took seconds in the pole-vault and shot-put, and Barton, Dillon, and Crist, who got thirds in the standing broad jump, hurdles, and running high jump. Hard luck and possibly insufficient training prevented Dillon and Barton from making a better showing, as Dillon was left badly at the start of each of his races—a very unusual thing—and Barton fell out of the jump at nine feet, three inches, altho he had jumped ten feet on the day before in practice. Our representatives in the relay race were Chas Harrison, Shaver, Dillon, and Leonard McKean. They acquitted themselves well but not quite well enough to win.

This meet of the five local organizations has apparently become an annual affair. Judging from the amazing size and enthusiasm of the crowds that turn out to see it, it will continue to furnish the leading athletic diversion of our winter months and become more and more of an honor to the school that wins it. The conclusion is evident. If we are going to take part at all in future contests, we must begin earlier, work more seriously and systematically to perfect the work of our team, and finally carry off the cups for our school. Our showing this year indicates that it is only a matter of time when our representatives shall come off the field as victorious in this form of athletics as in any other, and we trust that all hands will "lay to" at the proper time to speedily accomplish this result.



THE TRACK TEAM

Shaver

C. Harrison

G. Harrison

Dillon

McLenore

McKean

Crist

Barton

McWherter

The Base Ball Season.

Altho the prospects for a winning baseball team were the best in recent years the I.S.N.U. is without a team this season.

There are several imaginary reasons for this deplorable state of affairs. In the first place, Brian, who pitched last year, failed to return for the spring term. The Athletic Board of Control thereupon took it for granted that there was no one else in school who could be developed into a pitcher and decided that no team should be organized. Another reason offered for this high and mighty decree was that baseball in the I.S.N.U. had never been self-supporting and therefore would not support itself this year. Then too, it was urged that for two years in succession the material left over at the end of the season had been lost or stolen. Therefore, any new material which might be bought would be lost or stolen. The expense of buying uniforms and putting the grounds into shape would, it was said, drain the treasury and leave nothing for football next fall. Football is and always has been self-supporting and had affairs been managed wisely there would have been money enough to purchase all baseball supplies with over one hundred dollars besides.

Another reason, perhaps, for not having a baseball team was consideration for the opinion of Pres. Felmley who believes that athletic games should be engaged in only by teams belonging to the same school. He believes baseball would flourish without a schedule notwithstanding the opinion of several "wise ones" to the contrary. It was thought this would be a good season to test the merits of the theory. The results speak for themselves.

The writer has heard expressions of regret from all sides at not having a ball team, and ventures to predict that not soon will another season pass without baseball in the I.S.N.U.

R. R. KIMMELL.

The Vidette.

V is for Vidette,
The great school paper.
For it deals, you know,
With our Alma Mater.

I stands for impudence
Of one of the professors,
Who chastises our staff
For not knowing they are members.

D stands for duns
That ever cause distress;
The promoters of trouble
And Stice's unrest.

E is for excellence,
The quality that'll wear,
Due to the editor
And writers so rare.

T is for Telford,
The editor of our paper,
Who fills its —— pages
Sooner or later.

T is for time
When the Vidette is behind,
As it has been this year
Two or three times.

E is for the end
Of this little poem.
May the writer's name
Never be known.

The Vidette.

One of the foremost of the various student enterprises connected with this institution is our school paper, the Vidette.

This paper is under the management of a board of managers consisting of fifteen members elected by the various sections of students. This board of managers elects an editor-in-chief and a business manager, both of whom serve throughout the school year.

The paper during the past year was under the direct management of Fred Telford as editor-in-chief, and Henry Stice as business manager.

One of the chief features of the Vidette during the past year was that it was devoted, primarily, to giving the news of the school and touched more directly than heretofore upon student life and student enterprises. In the very first issue, Editor Telford announced his plan of discontinuing the use of long literary articles and devoting more space to the news of the school, its students, societies, associations, and alumni. Judging from the opinions expressed by subscribers this plan of the editor has met with hearty approval and the paper was very satisfactory, to say the least.

This article would be incomplete without containing a few words concerning the editorial department, which the readers enjoyed so much. Our editor is an energetic and wide-awake man, who not only sees things and has opinions of his own, but furthermore has the courage to express his convictions. Altho we may not always have agreed with him, we cannot help but admire the sincerity and fearlessness with which he expressed his opinions.

One serious drawback to the Vidette during this, as well as preceding years, has been a lack of subscribers among the students in school. Altho the paper has a large number of subscribers among former students and graduates, only about one-fourth of the students in school are regular subscribers. This is the chief problem which confronts the management for next year. To meet this difficulty, the new management has decided to change the paper to a weekly, thus hoping to interest the students in school to such an extent that they, too, will subscribe for the paper. Let us hope that their plan will prove successful.

What would become of the life and loyal enthusiastic spirit of the students without the Vidette. Just as the well managed local newspaper gives the news, sentiments and wishes of the people in the community, so the Vidette gives the news, sentiments and wishes of the students. Just as our great newspapers publish the news from abroad so the Vidette publishes the news from graduates and students who have left school. Just as the pure political paper champions the rights and liberties of the people, so the Vidette speaks for the rights and liberties of the students. The Vidette is first of all a paper of the students, for the students and by the students. It helps to keep up an enthusiastic spirit of loyalty to our school. Long live the Vidette!

OTTO E. REINHART.

The Macomb Trip.

The meeting of the business delegates to Macomb, Mr. McWherter, Kimmell and myself, was called for the purpose of considering the ways and means of getting to Bloomington in time to catch the 5:35 train, Thursday morning. After much anxiety and worry, Mr. Woodward explained just what arrangements could be made. We had our choice between paying five dollars for the Bloomington car and walking half way to Bloomington where a carriage could be arranged to meet us. Considering our limited number and the size of our purses, we decided to walk all the way.

As a result, Thursday morning, the following persons besides the business delegates, were rudely awakened from their slumbers, about four o'clock: Mrs. Smith, Mr. Woodward and Mr. Cavins, of the faculty; and Margaret Triplett, Dorothea Glessing, Edna Coith, Ralston Brock, Eugene Bauer, Thurman Bliss, Leonard McKean and Arthur Dole from the student body. Misses C. Coith and Kleinau went ahead as advance agents. Mr. Stewart joined the party while they were on the march. It is said that it took a series of twenty-five Yale football yells to arouse him.

The usual long wait brought thoughts of savory cups of coffee to our minds in spite of the fact that some in the party made strenuous efforts for our entertainment. Suffice it to say that when the Big Four pulled in, all had been weighed by Miss Glessing's new approved (?) method at the small cost of one penny for the entire company and all the gum and chocolate wafers were gone from the slot machine.

All fared well on the way to Peoria with the possible exception of Mr. Stewart. He might have been disappointed because he failed in his attempt to change rubbers, with a stranger. From Peoria, on to Bushnell, we took the T. P. & W., derisively called "Take Patience and Wait" or "Tip Up" and "Turn Over." In boarding the cars Mr. Stewart lost his brand new cap." This, added to our anxiety concerning the connections to be made at Bushnell, disconcerted us, somewhat. To make things interesting, Mr. Woodward gave the delegates their instructions with Mr. Cavins near to reinforce and illustrate with concrete examples what was said. Each delegate assumed the wisest look possible and later at the business meeting in the afternoon, each shone with a borrowed light.

During the fifteen minutes wait at Bushnell, Mr. Stewart borrowed a hat. The way the rest of us proceeded to put style in that hat was highly commendable. Here we met Miss Coith and Miss Kleinau who had been away from home just long enough to appreciate the home crowd. They almost "ate us up."

At Macomb, we received the heartiest welcome. A delegation of Normal and High School students escorted us to the Macomb Men's Clubhouse, where we were assigned places of entertainment. Perhaps, there is no better place than this, in which to express our gratitude and the delightful manner in which the Macomb people entertained us. They seemed to feel that everything they could do for us was but an inadequate expression of their appreciation of the kindness that was shown their delegates at the hands of our Normal people last year.

Thursday afternoon, the business delegates attended a business meeting in which we proposed amendments to the constitution which were referred back to the Normal School in the League. There seemed to be some opposition to the amendment providing that the judges on thought and composition be the same persons. At this meeting, a weakness of the constitution was clearly brought out. The Macomb Normal had been unable to get the judges we selected. In fact, judges seem about as hard to get, as toast at a boarding house. Therefore, Macomb had after a great deal of trouble secured other judges whose names, they presented at this meeting and made explanations as to why these had been chosen. The delegates, however, had no power to accept or reject these names.

After the business meeting, the visiting delegates and others were shown the beautiful building and its equipments. The site on which the building stands is particularly beautiful. The building is not complete and classes are held in the halls, but as fast as rooms are fitted up, the classes move in.

In the contest, we were proud of our orator. Our love for her may have prejudiced our judgment but we believe she was followed by all with greater ease than either of the others. The first orator, Mr. Thompson, was hard to follow because his productions lacked unity of construction. He sometimes uttered phrases merely for their oratorical effect, rather than for their sound logical connection. The vigor of his delivery, I believe, won him the favorable decision of the judges.

Mr. Perry, the DeKalb orator, had been ill and was not his usual self, on that account, but his manner was pleasing and his delivery good.

A reception and dance at the Macomb Men's Club House finished the day.

While taking in the town that same night, the boys let a rooster out of the box and chased him 'round the square. He lead them a merry chase but our champion runner overtook him and escorted him back to the box.

It's queer, how quickly some people find congenial companions in a new city. Ask Bauer and Bliss how such a campaign should be conducted. Their success along this line warrants your asking.

We left Macomb at eight thirty-five and reached Peoria via Galesburg. On this ride, we were delightfully entertained by Mr. Cavins and Mr. Woodward. In fact, so well did they understand how to entertain us that some shook their heads and whispered that the ability exhibited along this line showed "evidence of a misspent youth."

For some time after we left Macomb it was easy to imagine echoes of:

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

'Tis folly, 'tis folly, I fear.

For eggs are uncertain, perhaps they are bad,

And chickens may never appear."

JESSIE L. ROUSE.



McWherter "starts something" at Macomb.

The Oshkosh-Normal Debate.

I.S.N.U. team: Mary Damman, Clara Coith, Fred Telford.

Resolved, That inter-state railway rates in the U. S. should be made and enforced by a federal commission.

That was the question which Oshkosh proposed for the debate of 1906. After considerable travail of soul the Normal debaters chose the affirmative. Then began months of faithful study of magazines, books, and those monuments of verbosity, the "Congressional Record." Finally the debaters began to write out argument. Slowly but surely, by processes of elimination or addition, condensation or amplification, and rearrangement the case was finally juggled into clear, incisive, logical form. Meanwhile vocal and other gymnastics were freely indulged in until there was a potentiality for moral force that would have made a first-class auctioneer green-eyed. In the latter stages of the game Messrs. Reinhart and Griggs valiantly took a hand. Three times they stood alone in regular debate against the onslaughts of the Oshkosh team, and three times came out of the conflict still full of fight.

Thus equipped, our debaters started on Thursday afternoon, May 17, for the scene of real battle. With them went a party of nine students and teachers. These were: Mrs. Smith and Mr. Woodward, Misses Davies, Viox, McGuire, Messrs. Stice, Solomon, Bliss and Bauer. Oh no, only eight of these were either students or faculty members—one was inspiration. How wonderful this inspiration was there is only one to tell, and he will not—not now.

It was hot when we started—hot all the way to Chicago—and roasting hot when we wanted to sleep that night. We couldn't all agree on going to the Auditorium Hotel, so we divided into two parties and neither the ladies nor the gentlemen went there!

Some of those who were not debaters went to see Richard Mansfield in "Don Carlos." The others stayed at their rooms and rested—no, talked, so one of the ladies herself says.

Some of the party never saw Chicago before. One of the boys, after crossing several streets and finding car lines and many cars on nearly every street, said "Did you ever see the like? There's a car on nearly every street!" Almost instantly came the reply, "Yes, two cars on some of them." Ask Bliss and Stice whether they were acting Uncle Rube or not. They

say they knew better than to be surprised at finding a car on several of Chicago's streets.

The next morning everybody was able to make the nine o'clock Northwestern train for Oshkosh, but one—the worthy assistant editor of the INDEX. Miss Davies says she believes in being an hour early and waiting but that she was four minutes behind time that morning. Why? She did not stay with the party the night before. Says she visited an aunt. Perhaps she wanted the *quiet* of her own company. At any rate she reached Oshkosh in time for supper and the debate.

The party reached Oshkosh about 1:30. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in eating, getting acquainted with our hosts, seeing the school and town, and preparing for the event of the occasion.

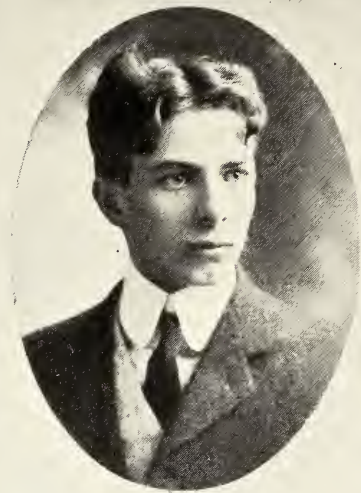
At about 8:30 our debaters were greeted with "Rah! Nee! Kah! Rai!" as they came upon the platform. Then Oshkosh bestirred themselves and gave the first yell—yes and the last that was heard from them, except a cheer as we pulled out of the station.

The debate was listened to with close attention from beginning to end, and each speaker was vigorously applauded. When the chairman announced, "The decision is unanimous in favor of the affirmative," there was untold shouting and shaking of hands. The Oshkosh people were much disappointed but very graciously yielded to the result and conceded that it was justly all ours. We had won more than we had dared hope for and toward morning went to sleep happy.

The next day came a most enjoyable feature of the trip. At 8:30 a number of the Oshkosh faculty and students received us aboard a small pleasure steamer and gave us a most delightful ride up the river and about the lakes for the remainder of the forenoon. The day was a little too cool but that was not allowed to check the spirits of the company. Mr. Bliss and especially Mr. Bauer seemed less cheerful than on the Macomb trip, but our chaperon and Mr. Stice could not be criticised on this score.

We returned to a hasty dinner expecting to take the 1:38 train for Milwaukee and the breweries, but the 1:38 proved to be a 1:05 train and we stayed in Oshkosh till 4:42. This especially pleased a few of the party and all were delightfully entertained.

Eight o'clock found us in Milwaukee aboard "The City of Racine" and ready for what Mr. Telford describes as "the fea-



OSKOSH-NORMAL DEBATERS

Elmer L. Nygaard
Fred Telford

Henry F. Duckart
Mary A. Damman

George Wehrwein
Clara Louise Coith

ture of the trip." Every one was happy until we passed the breakwater and were on the lake. Then a very gentle swell came to lull us all to rest. Several of the party mistook it for a call to eternal rest and showed signs of marked distress. Miss Viox was soon sorry she had thought a man to be drunk who had staggered past her on the deck. A little later Mr. Bliss was found in a heap under a blanket on the deck; Miss Damman and Miss McGuire hung long and longingly over the deck rail; Miss Davies cried a score of times, "Sing something, people, oh, sing something;" and Mr. Telford repented in sackcloth and ashes that he had argued against the railroads. One by one the distress signals were noted and the victims steered off to their berths.

In the morning Mr. Bauer showed his love for "the out-of-doors" by waking up the men of the party to see the sun rise and "look way out over the lake." The morning was beautiful and the remainder of the trip was made to Normal without incident.

Since it was Sunday, the reception was quiet. But what doings there were at general exercises Monday! The room had been most gaily and artistically decorated with red and white and with the stars and stripes. The feature of the decorations was a string of some fifty school pennants of many designs stretching entirely across the front of the room over the faculty desks.

At a quarter to ten the big bell in the tower began to ring—the first time in the year that its mellow tones were heard. General exercises were opened with the following song:

Mighty trio who went to Oshkosh,
Left them wailing, weeping, wailing.
Mighty trio who went to Oshkosh,
Left them wailing, 'cause they're beat.

Chorus.—Did you ever see their equal,
See their equal, see their equal.
Did you ever see their equal?
The three debaters from Illinois.

Illinois, Illinois,
Rah, Who, Rah, Rah, Rah, Who, Rah, Rah,
Your great trio—Coith, Telford, Damman,—
Bring your honor Rah, Who, Rah!

Illinois, Illinois,
Rah, Who, Rah, Rah, Rah, Who, Rah, Rah,
Illinois, Rah, Who, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Who, Rah, Rah, Illinois!

Other songs and yells and speeches made memorable the jollification over the great victory.

And now, all honor to Normals debaters of 1906! They worked long and faithfully and excelled their opponents in both argument and delivery, thus unquestionably earning their triumph. Misses Damman and Coith will long be remembered for the clear and convincing way in which they presented the position of the affirmative and Mr. Telford is said by an Oshkosh paper to have given "some of the best rebuttal ever heard in Oshkosh."

What I Think of Rhetoricals.

If perchance you can't sleep when the night's growing late,
Don't start in your neighbor abusing;
Some well-meaning people are still in the state
Where rhetoricals seem quite amusing.

MINA HENDRICKSON.

Rhetoricals! Have you ever heard of them? I have. Morning, noon, and night, I hear about them. Every question I ask is answered with something about rhetoricals. When I ask a girl to appear on a society program she answers, "Oh, I have to take part in rhetoricals this week." When I can't find a girl in her room, I am usually told that she is in the attic practicing for her rhetorical. When I inquire at breakfast the meaning of that flight of oratory borne in upon my ears while studying the preceding evening, I am told that Miss So-and-So was practicing her "piece" for rhetoricals. When I see the plastering down in No. 24, and inquire the reason, I am told that Mr. Stewart's rhetorical class met there, and when I ask how the pillars in the Wrightonian Hall got so "shaky," rhetoricals is the answer.

M. A. DAMMAN.

"Come dear student, it's time for your rhetoricals," says the faculty; and the "dear student" takes the dose as tho it were Mrs. Squeers' brimstone and treacle with much protesting.



“Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus.”

Now the student is all wrong about this, of course. Rhetoricals, so far from being like brimstone and treacle, are comparable to oatmeal—wholesome and nourishing; a fit food to prepare the student for the strong meat of society work and that active participation in public gatherings which is the duty of every teacher.

But even the most nourishing food may be rendered unpalatable in the cooking; and, alas! our rhetorical oatmeal is often either scorched, unsalted, or underdone. When we at last are given “perfectly cooked” rhetoricals, all objections will die away, and students ask eagerly for “more” like *Oliver Twist*. That that golden day is not far off is indicated by the great improvement in the rhetorical work this year over that of former years.

LOUISE OLIVEREAU.

“The tongue is a fire; a world of iniquity—for every kind of beasts and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind. But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison.” And yet a department has been created the purpose of which is to exercise the tongue which of all members of the body certainly needs a rest. I recommend that in place of the department of oratory a department of silence be substituted. And let us put in practice the advice of the ancient philosopher who said, “Oh youth! In silence there is much wisdom.”

PAUL SMITH.

Rhetoricals, properly conducted, are of great value. Since rhetoricals are of value their worth should be recognized and credit should be given for work properly performed. Rhetoricals should be made a major study and credit given to it as such. Until such a change takes place rhetoricals will be regarded (as they are now) by the students as so much “red tape” and work will be indifferently performed.

ELMER R. STAHL.

I believe that the rhetorical work in our school is of much help to our students in the following ways:

1st. It compels the timid, hesitating ones to assert themselves somewhat. There are always some who have a latent power for doing good public work, who through shyness and

excessive modesty, keep in the background until they discover that the "giftie" has really given them the ability to appear to some advantage upon a platform. The rhetorical drill helps to give self-confidence and courage to such students.

2nd. Again there are students, who, knowing not, know not that they know not, and without the criticisms and suggestions obtained in rhetorical classes, would give unworthy productions in the society halls, as well as in social functions outside the school. To them the rhetoricals prove a means of grace, in that the students may come to realize what is really worth presentation and what is not.

3rd. The systematic work given in rhetorical classes also helps the students who can already do creditable society work, in that it affords practice in lines of debate, composition, oratory, etc., giving an added strength of self-command and delivery. One who does but little public work can scarcely excel in it. When such musicians as Nordica and Paderewski, such actors as Richard Mansfield and Joseph Jefferson, have found frequent drills and rehearsals necessary adjuncts to their work, university and college students must surely realize that their power of public work is proportionately strengthened by the amount of public work which is required of them.

NELLIE B. FRY.

What do I think of rhetoricals? Friends, I draw my conclusions from personal experience. When, upon occasion, I wish to play baseball or tennis, my sister is writing debate and cannot play and I pine for want of exercise. Again, when I correct my young brother in somewhat austere manner he quotes from Sohrab and Rustum, "Nay, be not wroth, not wroth am I." Therefore, I think that rhetoricals are a curse to the individual and an abomination to the soul.

EDNA F. COITH. . .

Whenever I think of rhetoricals, I think of a story I once heard. A boy in an examination in an English school wrote in answer to a question as to the means of execution employed in various countries, "In America, people are killed by elocution."

VIOLA DAVIES.

Senior Farewell to the Juniors.

Most worthy juniors, in behalf of the seniors of 1906, I bring you greeting. We are most pleased to know that as we abdicate the throne the crown falls upon successors so loyal, so learned, so like ourselves. Upon you we bestow all our wealth of advice and wisdom. To you, seniors of 1907, we bequeath President Felmley and the Faculty of the Illinois State Normal University. Along with President Felmley we hand over his little joke about senior wisdom which he tells the school management class every spring on the fourth day of April, unless said day falls upon Saturday, or Sunday; in which case the joke comes on the following Monday. We also turn over all other sarcastic remarks about the present status of scholarship in the senior class, and his criticisms of senior girls and baseball practice.

We also give you the two rows of seats, one on each side of the middle aisle, in the assembly room. Around these seats hover the thoughts of the giant intellects of seniors departed. In fact we are giving you the sacred fountain of inspired wisdom.

Another thing we turn over to you is the pump on the campus. On its platform senior boys are wont to sit on moonlit spring evenings before the clock in the tower strikes twelve and sing, "One kiss lady, we're going to leave you now." We also present to you the crepe paper we had left over after making the fly in the web over the assembly room door. If you need more paper you will find it in Miss Ela's store room in the basement.

Anything else that you may find belonging to us, and not mentioned here, take possession of as your own.

Now, dear juniors, while we rejoice to give up our places to you, still there is a feeling of regret and a little sadness, because it means a parting of the ways. Our life as fellow students here will soon live only in memory to grow dimmer as the years go by. If there be any grace of soul which has come to us thru our life here as students, we sincerely desire that the same grace in greater degree may come to you. May each of the remaining days of your life here be a joy, for only when days are such do we truly live. Edmund Rollin Sill has epitomized life in the following words:

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—
Forenoon, and ————— what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

JESSE ROUSE.

The Junior Response.

Most worthy and august seniors:

It hardly seems possible that I, a junior, a member of the class of 1907, could respond to such flights of oratory and such gems of thought as you have here displayed, yet I must, in behalf of the junior class, say a few brief words.

We gratefully accept your enumerated gifts and shall preserve them sacredly in our archives until that appointed time when we shall transmit them to our successors, the class of 1908.

As we are about to become seniors we are compelled to pause and retrospect. We remember that during the early period of our Normal course, we wondered as we looked upon those packages of wisdom and bluff, how it would feel to be a senior. We remember how daily we longed to claim as our own one of the seats on the center aisle which Mr. Felmley says from time immemorial has been preserved for section A. We also remember how we longed for that perfect self-poise that would enable us to run a bluff for a good grade or give us the nerve to answer and say that we did not know, even before the question was asked. But now as we are on the very threshold of seniority our hearts palpitate excruciatingly. We shut our eyes, hold our breath, and await with fear and trembling the consummation of our long and cherished hopes.

Do not think that because you are leaving this institution it will die. The class of 1906 will see to the preservation of the University and the perpetuity of its time honored faculty. Do not make the mistake and think that President Felmley will lose any of his sarcasm. He knows well that "A sharp tongue is the only two edged tool that grows sharper with constant use." You should not think that we shall forget the location of the crepé paper. We shall possibly need the paper but mark me seniors, when cleaning up time comes we shall pay Mr. Hunt and not leave the debt hanging over our heads.

We have always recognized in you the powers and traits of character that go to make up the well-rounded personality. In you we recently recognized artistic ability and were surprised that you could make the gold and white look so beautiful. In you we have noted your love and sympathy for our general welfare. You tendered me such feeling only a few days ago when upon my attempt to snatch the fly from the web you tackled me as if I were a foot ball dummy and landed me safely in front of room 23.

In you we also see intellectual superiority. When a winning team was wanted for Oshkosh it was you who furnished your Telford, Coith, and Dammon to go and wrest the banner of victory from the jaws of defeat.

And now, dear seniors, as you are about to go to larger fields where you are to train the young idea how to shoot, continue to put into practice the lessons learned here and you will bring honor to yourselves, to the university, and to all mankind.

A. P. GODDARD.

The Index, 1906

POT-POURRI

Ye Wonder Woodward Wrought.

Ye knyghtes yclept ye foot-balle squad,
A doughtie sette they were, I ween;
Indeed, 'twas sayde by them thatte knewe,
More valiant knyghtse had ne'er been seen.

When on ye grid-irone they appeared
Ads life! ye enemye hadde groane!
Full well they knew, e'en ere ye fyghte,
Thatte dire defeat would be their owne.

But 'spyte of alle their victories
Ye Normal knyghtes were steeped in gloome;
They hadde discuss ye cause one daye,
Assembled in ye Musick Roome.

(Sayde greivous cause, in sooth, was thys:
—Alas! a sorry tale to tell!—
Though bold and well ye knyghtes hadde fyghte,
Ye *Ladies* would not cheere nor yelle.)

Ye captaine rose, and cleared hys throate,
And spoke—ye others held their breath—
“Gadzooks!” he cryde, “Thys thing must ende!
We'll win our faire ones' praise, or deathe!

“Beholde, our valiant wars are vaine—
In vaine are alle our wounds and bumps;
Untyl our ladies cheer for us,
Thys squad will have ye doleful dumps.

“Whatte measures, thenne, would ye advise?
Full many thyngs have proven vaine.
Let me recount whatte has been done,
Not only one, but oft and againe.

“Firste, DAVID, he who rules thys schoole,
In General Ex. explayned ye game;
Urged ALL to come to oure support,
And help us make a glorious nayme.

“Agayne, in General Ex., oure coache,
Ye good and worthie PROF. JOHN P.
Full oft oure excellence hath told,
And how we’d ne’er defeated be.

And BAWDEN, too, hath plead our cause
In wordes that would enthuse a stone.
But maidens are not stones, forsooth,
Soe still we fyght oure fyghtes alone.”

Full eagerly a knyghte broke inne—
“We have notte tryed alle thyngs as yette:
WOODWARD hath ne’er been asked to help,
He’ll knowe just whatte toe doe, I bette!”

Ere yet thys welcome speech was done,
An eager hand ye door threw wide,
And hailed by alle with shouts of joye,
PROFESSOR WOODWARD stepped inside.

“Wh-what’s thys meetynge alle about?
Your grevious trouble toe me tell,”
Quoth Woodward; “I will help you out,
(I really think I’d do it welle).”

Thenne unto Woodward’s wondering ears
Ye knyghtes didde all their̃ woe unfold.
And thus he cryed, and tore hys hair,
Whenne all ye story had been tolde.

“Alas! Alas! my dutie long
I have neglected; woe is me!
For ROOTING is RHETORICALS,
And surely should be taught by me.

“But—uh—at last I will atone
For my neglect, and—or—ye’ll see
When next a battle ye shall wage,
Ye ladies ALL will yelling be.”

Ye Musick Room didde ring with shouts
From throate of every knyghte therein
And Woodward’s hands were near wrung off
By grateful knyghtes with gladsome grin.

* * * * *

Thenne Woodward opened hys campaign;
Beamed on ye ladies left and right,
Persuaded each and every one
Her singing was just “out of sight.”

One morn in General Ex. appeared
Upon ye boards a marvelous thyng—
Strange songs thatte claimed ye battle oures
—Which Woodward taught ye school to sing.—

Ye crowd ye “Hot Time” sang with glee;
Oe’r “Mister Dooley” toiled awhile;
Ye “Undertaker” died in paine—
Whereat ye Preceptress didde smile.

* * * * *

How can my feeble pen describe
Ye glorious end of Woodward’s toil?
Such cheering never had been heard
Before on thys historic soil.

As that which came from ladies’ throates
Through alle thatte glorious afternoon
While on ye grid-iron knyghtes didde fyghte
And pound and pummel. But eftsoon

Ye COACH protested. “Lo” he cryed,
“Ye knyghtes ye signals cannot heare
And if ye signals can’t be hearde,
We’re going toe lose thys game, it’s clear!”

Didde Woodward stop? He never hearde
Ye coache's plea for less of noise,
But hatless, coatless, wild of eye,
Urged maids toe yelle like hoodlum boyes.

Ay, louder, faster didde they yelle,
And more excited Woodward got,
Till, when the game was NORMAL's proved,
All yelled as if they'd never stop.

Ye game was done. Round Woodward came
Ye Normal knyghtes to thank and praise
Him for the wonder he had wrought.
'Twould win him fame for endless days.

And their undying gratitude.
Thus didde they promise. Thenne once more
A rousinge cheere those knyghtes didde give
And homeward turned, alle stiff and sore.

Still cheeringe WOODWARD. He, forsooth,
Right glad and proud of hys success,
Didde meditate. "Well, after all,
Was it worth while? Um—ah—well—yes."

L'ENVOI.

Reader, if you thys tale should doubt,
Go ask ye footballe knightes whatte brought
To theire marvelous success.
They'll say, "Ye wonder Woodward wrought."

LOUISE OLIVEREAU.

A Rill from the University Pump.

Here I am, term in, term out, season after season, reign after reign. Yet I stand.

I welcome the rubicund youth; need I mention a name? I am a copy of the old pump on the farm. I bring visions to this son of the soil. He feels again the strain of mighty labor. With all his splendid ignorance, his superb contempt of social etiquette, his ungainly walk; young Albright is a man in the making.

I welcome the rustic maid. Oh, no, I cannot leave that statement or ere night fall two hundred and fifty Normal maidens might properly claim the distinction. I welcome the girls who are entering. I feel their nervous quiver as whispering, they ask one another while they cool their parched throats with my waters, as to who the head of this school is. Then a lassie proclaims as a fact, as an universal truth, that the king of these vast domains is a curly haired man of the Gym. For he it was who did the cleaning. Yes, and he it was, too, who voluminously talked in the match games; who told all just what to do. He commanded the men at his right hand, he locked the Gym door when he pleased; yes certainly, uncontrovertibly, it is he who sits on the throne.

I greet the assertive juniors. In their rank and file is many an inglorious Milton, many a tongueless Cicero. Yea, powerful is this coming class and as I look into the hazy future I perceive the dim outline of one hundred vast mountain peaks dotting the world's educational horizon and marking the entrance of the seniors of nineteen hundred seven. But as I dream some yokel comes along, almost dislocates my arm, and I am rudely awakened. It is then I feel most keenly the vast distance between the ideal and the real for before me stands a knot of juniors. There is a chip of a man, with a squeaky voice and a brand new suit, who pines for a senior maid; and a daffy gray of similar mood and a married man with children two.

I receive with gladness the haughty seniors tho upon occasion I tremble fearfully at their approach. Among their number is the head of a family who invariably fills me with awe for she never stirs about until she has clutched in her hand a volume (I have heard that it is a note book, hourly even secondly used) and tho she has never actually been known to

throw it at any one, yet there is the feeling of possibility, nay even probability, created by her very presence.

A second senior causes me much pain because I constantly think he is going to leave us. The poor little man is often burdened by an immense suit case which looks as if it would run away with him. He tugs it to and fro but what he has in it and where he is going seem to be debatable questions.

The faculty do not often favor me with a visit but one Tuesday afternoon they had had an unusually dry session and several stopped to be refreshed. I was resting after my day's toil when I heard a voice say, "Good afternoon, dear pump, good afternoon, dear. May I have a drink? O, how good of you. Thank you so much; thank you so much, dearest." This was unusual for one in my position to hear so I started and wondered who the charming lady might be but before she had gone five steps a group of students rushed toward her and carried her off with them and my attention was turned to a man who addressed me thus, "Who discovered America? Who discovered America?" I gave him of my waters and he wended his way onward, but the last words I heard him say were, "Who discovered America?"

Next a man walked briskly toward me and demanded, "Water." While I produced it I heard him read from a paper, "Debtor to Washburn for carnations by Wilson." He read it twice then put it in his pocket and mounting his wheel was off without another thought of the water which I had poured forth. A few moments later a young scientist approached as if he would drink. He was looking skyward and with his keen eyes was scanning some foliage nearby; then suddenly I heard him exclaim, "Bella puella tripllett," and he brushed by me, nearly taking my arm off, and the next moment was gone.

And so men come and go but I live on forever. The summers are my delight. I am then appreciated. The tired couple, who have been playing tennis, do not forget me. How many times have I called you forth during the delicious evenings of summer? How many times served you with an excuse for strolling with a favored friend into the shadow of the tulip trees? Bless your heart, I am glad to do it. I am experienced, I could tell tales—but hold, don't get excited, I'll not do it. Your secret will be as safe as tho I had forgotten it.

And so I remain at my post of duty, dispensing freely and gladly my only asset to the just and to the unjust; to the polite as well as rude; to the flunker, the bluffer, the high, the low, to one and all.

The Effect of the Practice Dances upon the Sense of Rhythm.

The twenty-third day of September,
As all the dancers well remember,
In the Gym. with ample space,
Practice number one took place.

The day was warm, and bright and clear,
The freshmen's nerves collapsed with fear,
The music tempted them to ask,
Some lady for that pleasant task.

But flashed their minds with thoughts so quick,
When came the notion, "O I'm sick."
Said one, "I never danced before,
How shall I cross that spacious floor?"

"That girl, say Jim, she looks so fair,
I feel as tho I ought to dare,
Venture 'cross. Perhaps 'twill be,
Just the very one for me."

"Why go, she will help anyone,
The waltz is now just half way done."
He lingers, hesitates, and before
He gets there,—why, the waltz is o'er.

Such was the case with others too,
But bashfulness will never do;
Then came the chaperon and said,
"A two-step's started, go ahead."

"Yes, but an introduction lacks,
Which causes all of these drawbacks."
Then introductions by the score,
Raised enthusiasm so much more.

"Miss Jones, meet Mr. Williams please,
And Mr. Bliss, please meet Miss Dees."
"I've met her, thank you very much.
I've always with her kept in touch."

"Mr. Joseph meet Miss Parsons,
And, Mr. Joseph, meet Miss Cales,"
And countless times there echoed
Those introductory tales.

Thus through all the afternoon,
None met the other one too soon,
For the old clock's hands kept moving fast,
And time to stop was called at last.

They dispersed, each glad of heart,
Feeling that he had done his part;
To mention what all that day took place
Can not be told for lack of space.

A fortnight lapsed and all were sober
Until the seventh of October.
When at three o'clock within the Gym.
Was heard the piano played with vim.

At least a score responded well,
And help from friends at once did tell,
When Miss Cummings tried to show,
How both waltz and two-step go.

And Mrs. Smith to Woodward did explain
Both waltz and two-steps as they came.
And long ere time was called at last
He was among the dancers classed.

Some more good dancers there that day
Lent help to friends in another way.
Went one to Mr. Griggs and said:
"Say man I'd give my head
If I but knew those girls over there,
'Tis only one for whom I care!"

So 'cross the spacious floor he sped,
And with a murmur bowed his head;
Said he in tones both soft and low,
"I am not fast, please take it slow."
And so they did, and I'll tell you,
The girl was glad when she was thru.

Thus two more dances yet were played,
And movements homeward then were made.
A true success that dance had been,
And all longed for the next, again.

The Index, 1906

The third good practice dance was late,
Delayed 'till October twenty-eight,—
And then 'twas "four" when it began,
If rightly I remember can.

A victory first, tho had been won,
Before the practice dance was o'er;
When Macomb left the foot ball field,
Defeated,—Six to twenty-four!

The boys from on our team were there,
Quite unconcerned and free from care;
And on the floor a few did go,
Their greatness to their friends to show.

* * * * *

Thus every two weeks a practice returned,
And every two weeks for another we yearned.
So fortnight to fortnight a dazzling sway,
With music and pleasure, thus ended the day.

So could I keep on with each practice this year,
'Twould cause many a one to shed a vain tear.
'Twould cause to bring laughter and sorrows about,
Which please do consider, without any doubt.

So dancers and all, who this meter may read,
Do not condemn your kind friend in the deed.
May goodness His blessings upon you all shower,
I remain yours sincerely,—EUGENE L. BAUER.

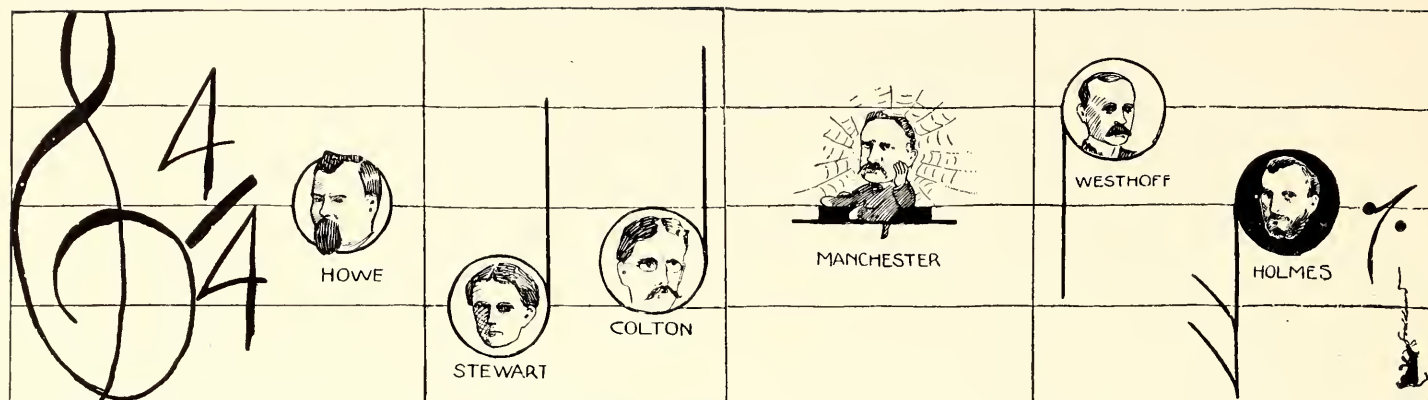
When Johnnie Goes to the Game.

An Explanation.—A party of eight from Normal attended the Illinois-Michigan foot ball game at Urbana.

Poor little Johnnie long did aim
To see the game;
Like any simple, trusting lad
Who'd heard of the team the U. of I. had,
Of centers, quarters, halves, and backs
Who climbed each other's heads in stacks,
Or punched each other black in spots,
Or tied themselves in double knots,
Or with the ball did winning deals,
Or swing each other by the heels;
You would yourself have cared to aim
To see the game.

Then Howard Woodward said, "All same,
I loathe, abhor, and hate the game,
I feel that little John should go
This very curious team to see;
'Twould never do—so little grown—
For him to wander around alone:
The little boy shall go with me."
And Ida Hatcher—prudent dame—
And little Clara—felt the same;
And Johnnie's friend, Charles Harrison,
His understudy, Madison,
His brother and his brother-in-law,
His father's cautious mother-in-law,
And others, went along with him
To see that naught was wrong with him
'Twas nice of them to take tho sane
Poor Johnnie to the game.

As any one might be afraid
'Twas very hard with all this aid
For little John to see the game.
They hustled him, they jostled 'him,
They pulled him until lame,
When one of them would chance to see
Some grand professor, he or she
Would grasp young Stewart by the hand
So all the world would understand
That they had simply come quite sane
With little Johnnie to the game.



Faculty Notes.

“Show how valuable it is to have a maximum of mental and motor co-ordination accompany the mental processes of learning.”

“Explain and illustrate.”

“Other things being equal.”

“The school-course is a recapitulation of civilization.”

“Life is a cogitation of categorical coincidences.”

*(The following were found loose somewhere. The INDEX editors believe, however, that they may be more echoes.)

“If the antimony between indispensable principle and inevitable result, is in some form or other the grand probation of life, what has the anthochthonal justice of an agrestic kakistocracy to do with the blind brutal British public’s bestial thirst for blood?”

“Life is a curious complexity of conscious or sub-conscious associations.”

“Nothing is more constantly, more increasingly stimulating than unceasing effort.”

The Song of the Shirt.

With hearts that are weary and worn,
With eye-lids heavy and red,
Some students sat in a whispering group,
With sighing and moaning one said:
"Shirt, shirt, shirt,—
What a terrible mission thine."
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
One sang this, "Song of the Shirt."

"Brown, large, loose,—
On his shoulders the old thing hangs;
Fuzzy, flannel, brown,—
Till our hearts are rent with pangs.
Tie of the same or red,
Red tie or of the same,
The collar loose, it falls away
And displays his long neck to fame.

O man with sweethearts dear,
O lover of pumpkin pies,
It is not a shirt you're wearing out,
But human creature's lives."
So she sang,—
And moved the others did wait
Planning at once with an awful force
An end; planning an end to the shirt.

O but for one good means,
A means that would end their grief!
They called on the muse in the earnest hope,
That she would bring relief.

An inspiration did come at last,
The shirt to the washing was sent.
O woe to the man, for those poor sleeves
Did shrink as the students had meant.

With heart that is weary and worn,
With eye-lids heavy and red,
A teacher depressed sat in his room,
And sighing and moaning he said,
"Sleeves, sleeves, sleeves,—
I could wear it if you weren't so short."
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
He wailed that if only he could stitch,
He'd piece them with the end of the shirt.
(This ditty deals with facts.)

Calendar.

September 11.—Everybody glad to get back except the new students.

September 12.—New students begin their daily pilgrimages to the P. O.

September 13.—Coen's and McKnight's the Mecca of all students.

September 14.—Mr. Felmley gives his perennial talk on how to study. Light travels in straight lines. The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of refraction. If one holds this book before him with the light before him he receives full benefit of the light. Such light is injurious. What you must do is to arrange your light so that it comes over your left shoulder.

Mathematical problem for the man of mathematics.

Given a Normal study table and an abnormal coal oil lamp whose bowl is one and one-half inches from the table; furniture of the room, a bureau, set of bed-posts, washstand and two family relics in the shape of chairs. Problem: Bend the rays of light over your left shoulder.

September 22.—Miss Colby entertained the young women of the school who had just entered, not by her usual term lecture, but by a reception. All senior girls wished they had just entered.

September 23.—Grind.

October 21.—Miss Milner gives a reception at which everyone took a visit to the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

October 21.—Mr. Telford discusses the question of paying society officers quite forcefully.

October 31.—Mr. Kimmell receives a calling card with the inscription in addition to the name, "At Home—South Broadway, Friday eve., Nov. 3, Normal, Ill."

November 1.—Street car ran into Normal, no fatalities.

November 3.—Miss Coen has a caller.

November 4.—A crowd of Normal students with Miss Hatcher as chaperon actually got up courage enough to attend the Illinois-Michigan game at Champaign.

November 10.—No longer need Normal girls despair. The Girls' Debating Club has discovered a wonderful scheme.

Some of the girls, properly attired, acted as escorts and proved equal to the occasion.

November 14.—Miss Knudsen tells of her trip thru Norway. On the board was written a list of Norwegian names showing the route she took. Miss Rouse had been absent from Gen. Ex. and so thought the itinerary was a school yell and began copying it.

November 15.—Mr. Gray receives a calling card with the inscription in addition to the name, "At Home—South Broadway, Sat. eve., Nov. 18, Normal, Ill."

November 16.—New way of getting excuses from general exercises. It is quite easy for one to pull his card off the file on the desk.

November 18.—Miss Coen has a caller.

November 18.—Mr. Kerrick, a noted cattle-raiser, visited general exercises to talk on cattle and beef and consequently occupied the full thirty minutes talking about Normal students and their advantages.

November 30.—Football and turkey.

December 4.—Illinois Day.

December 5.—Seniors go to room twelve to recite a definition of education. Here's where their troubles begin.

December 14.—All new students spend the afternoon spelling "recommendation," "separate," "business," etc.

December 21.—Mrs. Smith wears long Wrightonian streamers on one side and long Philadelphian on the other. That afternoon a few students showed their colors. That evening, "The goose hung high." Mr. Harris locked Dole in the tower of the gymnasium while the latter put up Phil. colors. (Heard from Mr. Felmley when he discovered the culprit in his lofty prison): "Aren't you the secretary of the Y.M.C.A.?"

December 22.—Phils characterized by long faces.

January 1.—Normal students resolve to find some way of keeping out of the INDEX.

January 22.—Misses Cummings and Ela tendered their wards a delightful reception.

January 27.—Miss Hatcher wasn't late to History of Illinois. Reason: Today is Saturday.

The Index, 1906

February 16.—Miss Trowbridge, after being kissed in the “Magic Chair” at Gray’s party, said, “I knew that was a girl. Don’t you think I know the difference?”

February 2.—Critiques are interesting. Mr. Holmes actually debates with Mr. Warner. Who won? We don’t know. Only it was interesting.

February 9.—Debating Club gave a reception in honor of the Ciceronians.

February 10.—Eleven boys wear eleven white sweaters to school.

February 16.—One of Mr. Stahl’s pupils to Mr. Stahl: “Soap and water are good. That’s what mamma uses when she washes me.”

February 8.—Announcements read. Notice to all Ciceronians.—“Will be at my desk at recess periods to reserve girls for the reception February 9.

March 9.—Felmley describes Socratic method as the one in which the pupil is made to feel how little he knows. Wonder if he wasn’t absent-minded and advancing his own theory.

April 13.—Ora Mililken and Etta Rohrbach give a party. That evening Mr. Rice put three rubbers on Tessie’s feet.

April 13 to May 17.—INDEX editors too busy to watch affairs of state.

May 17.—INDEX editors begin giving our debating team at Oshkosh absent treatment.

May 19.—The absent treatment very effective. We won 3 to 0.

May 25.—Faculty aid Mr. Felmley in receiving the seniors at the President’s reception.

June 3.—Baccalaureate Sunday. Seniors hear a sermon, at least once a year.

On the day the INDEX appears, the INDEX editors start for Europe.

June 7.—We commence to begin to prepare to enter life’s broad pathway stretching out before us.

June 8, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home.

An Ode to an Old Hat.

The hat was black, good looking and whole,
And was left on a post, near the library door.
It snoozed and snored in blissful content,
'Till the eagle eye of Angie it met.

And then alas, it was quickly seized,
And if you'll believe it, tightly squeezed;
While a smile radiated our Angie's pale face,
As she thought of the lecture she needs must trace,
For that naughty culprit, who his hat had misplaced.

With patience serene dear Angie did wait
For the thoughtless boy, his presence to make,
And in accents meek for his hat to beseech.
The clock chimed five and the clock chimed six
Ere that bareheaded boy came his hat to seek.

So at last with saddened mien,
Our Angie going home was seen;
And had you gazed with careful look
You might have spied in a cozy nook,
That poor, black hat, kept safe from harm;
On her homeward route, in the crook of her arm.

Ode to Miss Humphrey.

Delphine, why do you *sigh*?
Your smile is very bright;
Your eyes, like the stars in the sky,
Are shining with all their might.

Your step is light and free;
You haven't a care, I know;
Yet one thing we all can see,
You *sigh* from head to toe.

A bird told it all to me,
No blushes, please. O fie!
It's as plain as plain can be,
You live for nothing but *Cy*.

Jokes.

When you're foolin' in the library
A havin' lots of fun,
A laughin' and a gigglin'
As if your time had come,
You had better watch the corners
And keep kinder looking out,
Er the librarian 'll get you,
Ef yer don't watch out.—*Ex.*

Professor.—“What is the Normal School?”

Student.—“The students.”

Professor.—“No they sometimes think they are.”

Student.—“The Faculty then.”

Mr. Felmley, returning to the office noticed a gentleman pacing impatiently about the office and decided that the man was a book agent waiting for an interview.

Felmley.—“What book company do you represent?”

Man.—“I am from Charleston.”

Felmley.—“What book company did you say?”

Man.—“I am a member of the Charleston Normal School faculty.”

Miss Dodge smiles.

M. W.—(In the teaching process class of all places!) “Mr. C., put your arm down.”

Cartoons We Decided Not to Publish.

A picture of two doves, the heads of which are photos of our ten-seconds man and his golden-haired lady friend.

A picture of Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Jinnett on a fence, a girl with a Wrightonian banner on one side and one with a Philadelphian banner on the other. Which way will he jump?

A picture of "How the Gold Dust Twin did the work."

A picture of Miss Hatcher taking a buggy ride. In other words, Mr. McKnight takes her driving in a go-cart.

"The Phils before the contest." The cartoon was to show the small, happy faces of the Phils, wearing their long streamers of colors.

The Phils after the contest. Long faces, short colors

Miss Trowbridge and Miss McTaggart at meals with their bibs on.

Mr. Woodward at a foot ball game. The action was too quick to be properly portrayed.

The nature study class out bird-hunting in the tall timber. The beautiful and long sustained arch flexions of the neck was to be a feature of the drawing.

A picture of the student who tried to get an excuse for "forgetting rhetoricals.

"Before and after taking." A drawing of one of the society debaters before he entered the argumentation class.

A caricature of the same man after a term's work in the theory and practice of that art.

A cartoon of Mrs. Smith walking up to the President at the opening of general exercises and greeting him with, "Good morning, dear."

The editors, leaving town the morning the INDEX appears.

A picture of the door of Phil. Hall, on which are pinned the signs, "Reading class in Session," "Continuous Vaudeville."

A senior, when he found himself employed by Normal, in the public schools as teacher, at the magnificent sum of \$100 (\$1.00).

A three-quarter length picture of Mr. Hannon extending the whole length of the page in a narrow panel, with this inscription below, "Continued in our next."

Where They Could be Found if a Telegram Came for Them.

Florence Bennett.—In the library looking for model Easter bonnet patterns.

James Rice.—Cheating rubber shoe companies of their custom.

Nellie Griggs.—Standing on the big toe of her left foot, squinting the west corner of her north eye and telling Hazel the dearest secret that ever happened.

Ruth Evans.—Exercising her vocal apparatus.

Lillian Anderson.—With mamma.

Leonard McKean.—Taking good care of his little brother in the assembly room.

Isaac Wilson.—Teaching Miss Young the mysteries of the heart as the seat of the emotions.

Eunice Viox.—Collecting Sappho dues.

Jessie L. Rouse.—Talking "Woman's Rights."

Ora J. Milliken.—Waiting for a POWERFUL wink to draw her across the room.

Elmer Stahl.—Not sure. Watch for a pile of books walking out of the library, get a microscope and investigate.

Fred Telford.—Taking Miss Mac to the train.

Ida Mac Hatcher.—Pasting senior colors on the posts in the assembly room and incidentally getting the paste on Mr. McKean's sleeve.

Mary Damman.—Posing at the photographers, or perhaps examining the proofs of her latest sitting.

Ralph Kimmell.—On the outskirts of Normal, on Broadway.

Emma Kleinau.—Maybe dancing in Macomb five times with one fellow while on her arm she bore a red bag, and wore borrowed gaiters on her feet.

Ella Johnson.—Walking in the moonlight with the winner of the mile-run, but mistake not, not in his usual track pace.

Hazel Brand.—Sitting among the faculty, striving with might and main to appear dignified.

Rose McCauley.—In geometry class telling Mr. Howe in answer to his statement that it is plain, old-fashioned geometry, "It's too old-fashioned for me."

Mrs. Anderson.—In the office attempting to convince Mr. Felmley that she is strictly up-to-date.

Mary Pumphrey.—Waiting for a Park street car at the station, faithfully attended by a *Doleful* youth.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanche Stuckey.—Studying nature at their own experiment station.

Edna Coith.—Studying Coith's "Rules of Order" for conducting class meetings.

Augusta Krieger.—Looking up a "brand new" big word in the dictionary.

Essie Seed.—In the practice school, youngsters to the right of her, youngsters to the left of her, youngsters all about her.

Ruth Haney.—Just find the man in the brown suit.

Mabel Stark.—Studying.

Can You Inform Us?

Where Mrs. Smith spends the time during general exercises?

If Miss Colby ever caught Miss Hartmann and Mr. Manchester writing notes?

How Mr. Rice put three rubbers on Miss Trowbridge's feet?

What girls in the University Kindergarten (Academics) brought the April-fool candy to school?

Why the practice dancers step into the bowling alley just before a good lively two-step?

Why Mr. Bauer resorts to hearts as symbols for posters?

How it happened that at the most notable event of the season, namely the contest, only one University boy wore a velvet vest?

Whether Mr. Telford is a Wright. or Phil.?

How to clean rubber collars?

What was the outcome of the Holmes-Warner debate?

What new methods there are for getting excused from general exercises?

Whether or not you think the following way a good one: "Get your seatmate to write Jack Robinson on your card and hand it to the monitor?"

Where Miss Cummings got the "smile-that-won't-come-off?"

Who discovered America?

When Miss Milner found out that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time?

How to get out of rhetorical?

Is there anything Miss Ela doesn't have in her desk?

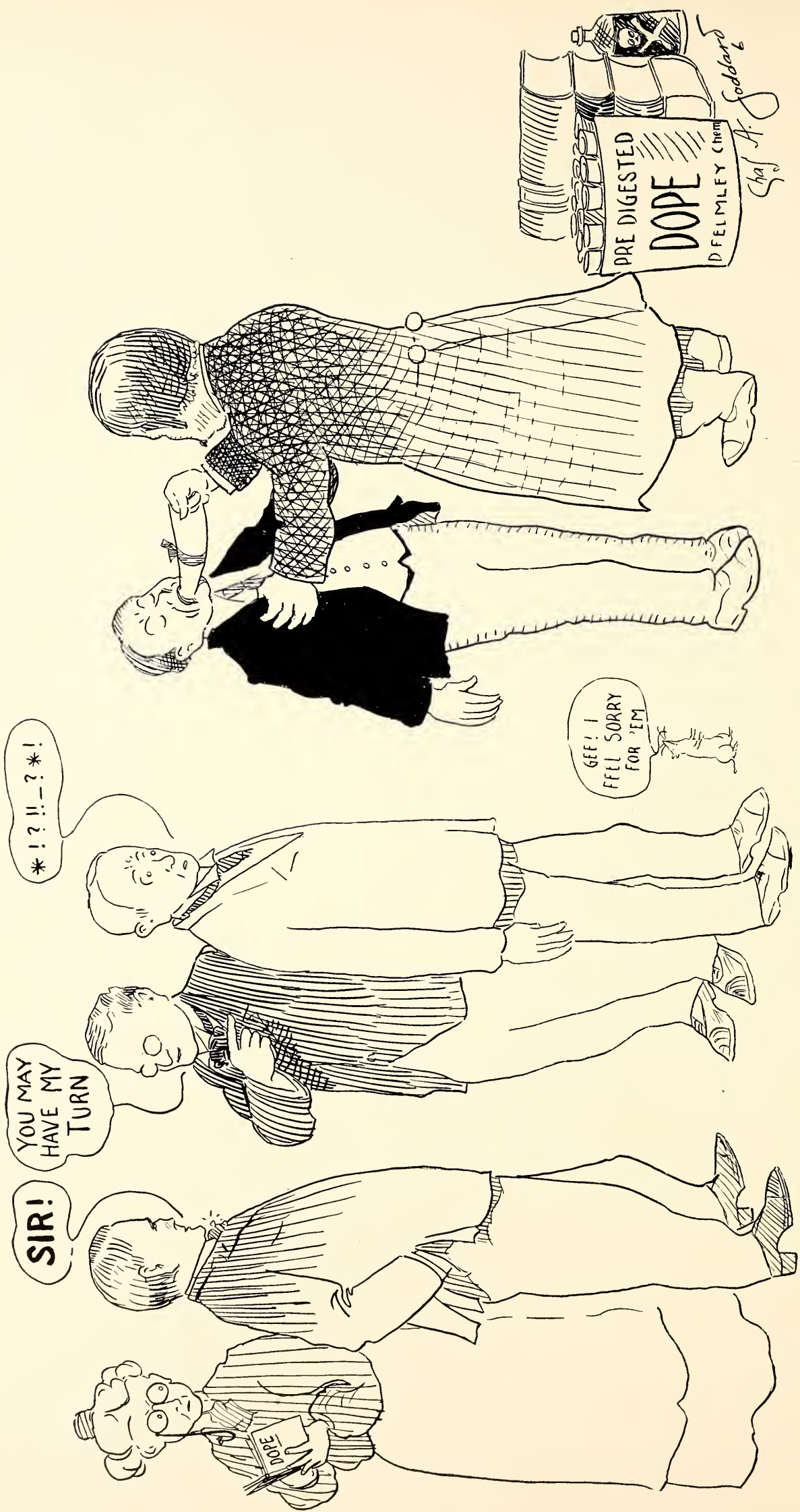
Who cleaned the Assembly Hall after the seniors caught the fly in the web?

Why so many girls take rhetorical?

Which one of the Wesleyan boys "swiped" Mrs. Smith's cross?
Where did Solomon get his name?
Where does Mr. Woodward buy his pretty ties?
Why some of the Academics didn't bring their mamas along?
Who hasn't had the measles?
What dictionary Miss Krieger uses?
Why the Fell avenue car goes so fast——over the rough places?



How they Stuff Geese in France.



How They Stuff Us at Normal.

A Page from a Normal Girl's Diary.

January 8.—Came back to Normal after two weeks' vacation. Got 15 letters from R— during vacation. R— got thirteen from me. R— carried my suit case up from the train and stayed half an hour.

January 9.—Went to school. R— walked home with me. Talked on the porch for twenty minutes. R— was dreadfully cold.

January 10.—Went to school. R— did not come down tonight.

January 11.—It is Thursday, just one more night of study then R— will come down. Perhaps, I will see him when I go down town after supper. Saw R—. Walked home with me.

January 12.—Went to a dance with R—. Just see my program, nineteen dances out of twenty-two with R—. What will Mrs. S. (my landlady) say if she sees my program! Don't care tho! Had a good time, a splendid time!

January 13.—Can't have the parlor so R— and I are going to society. Pretty good substitute for a parlor after all. (After society) R— looked simply dandy. We just had the best time.

January 14.—Sunday evening. Again I can't have the parlor so R— and I are going to church. I'll just bet I have it next Sunday night tho, so poor R— won't have to go to church. He doesn't like to go at all. Can't write anymore now for R— has come.

Practice School Notes.

"What are the enemies of frogs?" The aforesaid question was asked in Mr. Buzzard's nature study class. No answer. Finally a weak voice said, "The buzzards 'll git them if they don't watch out!"

Leslie B. in translating, "Become a christian and thy loving wife," shows his evangelistic spirit by paraphrasing it thus, "Become a christian and lead a better life."

In the development of a lesson on Jesse Fell, the following conversation took place:

"Lincoln was the first white man that came to Normal."

"Tain't so, George Washington was."

"I know better, Jesse Fell was."

"Wasn't neither; Adam was the first white man that come to Normal."

HIS WAY OF BEING POLITE.

"Harry, will you erase the board?"

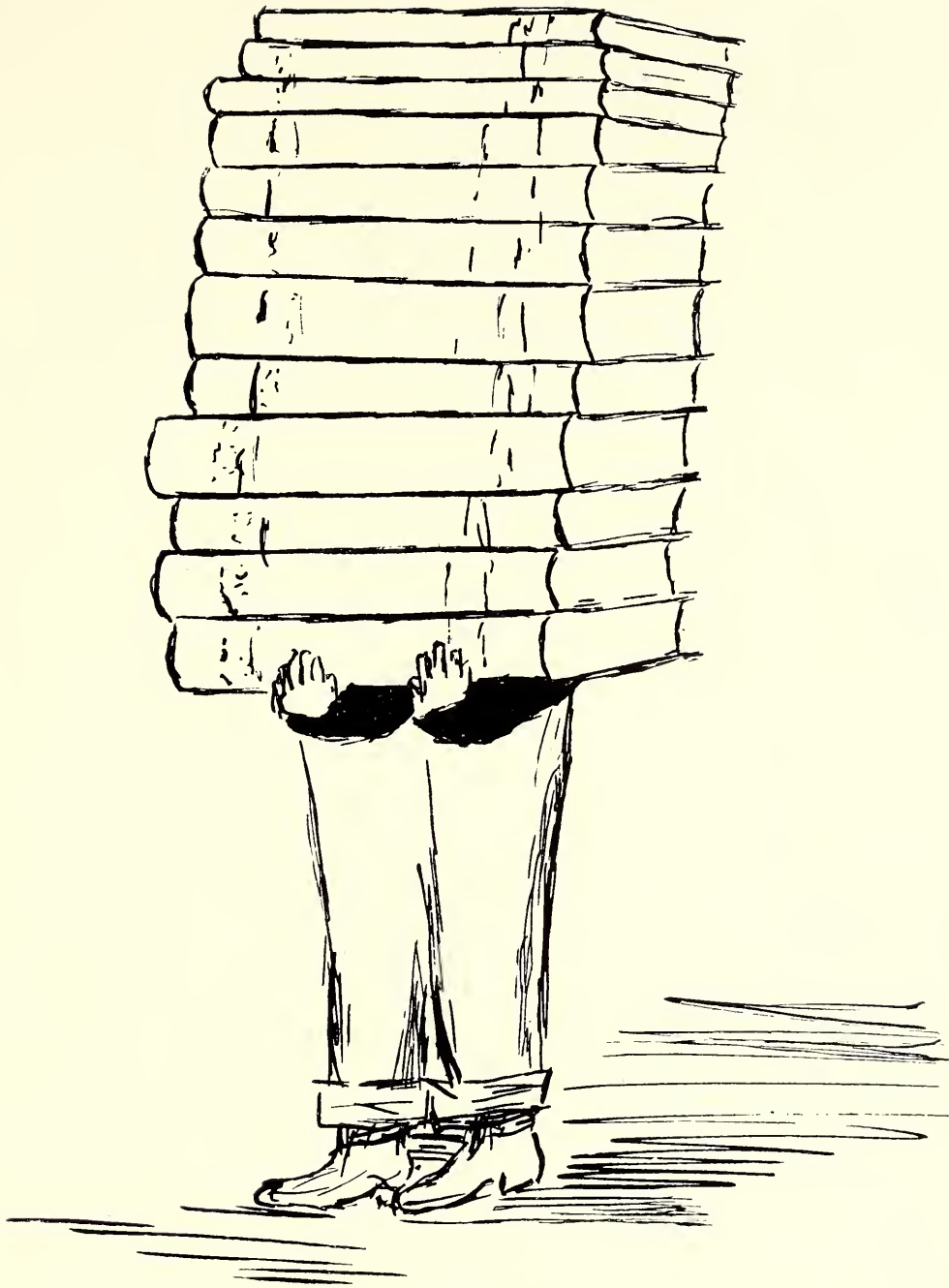
"Thank you, Harry."

"Keep your change."

Miss Watson, while copying some sentences for grammar because a little absent-minded and wrote, "Beautiful John is here, at last," for "Beautiful June is here, at last." The pupils have some difficulty in parsing because of half concealed bursts of laughter.

Answers to examination questions:

"The brain resembles the intestines and is wound about the head."
(Queer, we don't notice them on some of our friends.)

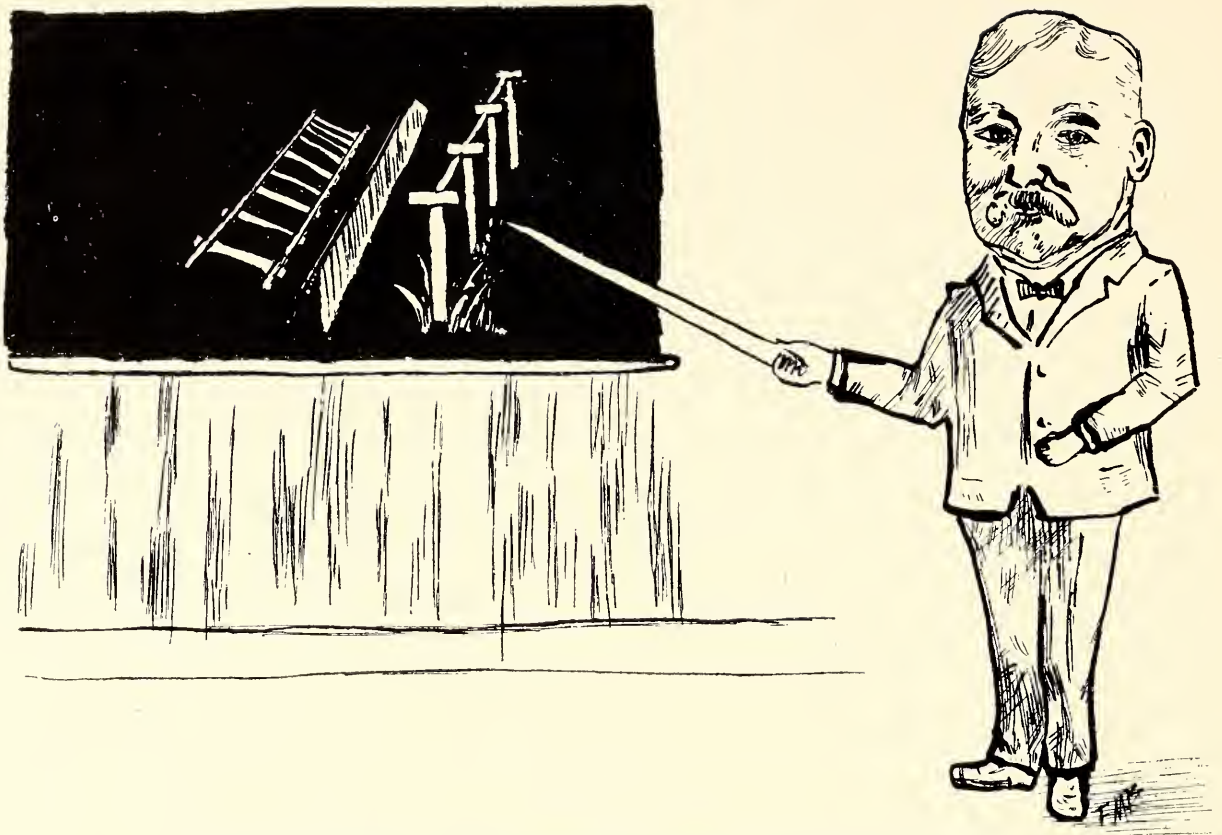


Guess Who?

The latest visitor at general exercises to her sister.—“Who is that pensive looking gentlemen on the platform?”

(It was Mr. Bawden.)

Mr. Felmley (in School Management).—“Does the air go up or down when it descends?”



MR. FELMLEY TEACHING LINEAR PERSPECTIVE.

1. Notice how beautifully (?) the rails converge thus giving depth to the picture.
2. Notice the telegraph poles in the farmer's field.
3. Notice that the ties are as far apart as the telegraph poles.

The Normal Spirit.

"We study physiology in order to learn about our bodies and so we may teach it when we get older."

Miss Meyer unaided by Phil. of Ed. solves the question of punishment by natural consequences.

Mr. McCormick.—Why did Cleopatra kill herself?

Mr. Condon.—Because she found out it wouldn't do her any good to make goo-goo eyes at Octavius.

Illinois State Normal University

Summer Session 1906

Two Terms of Six Week Each
June 11—July 20, July 23—August 31

Besides the regular pedagogical and professional courses covering all studies of the elementary and high school curriculum, there will be given courses in Nature Study, Art, Manual Training, Physical Training, Public Speaking and Public School Singing. The primary grades of the training department will be in session during the first term. : : : :

Tuition Free to Teachers of Illinois.

Regular Fall Term
Begins Sept. 10, 1906

FOR CATALOG AND ANNOUNCEMENTS ADDRESS

DAVID FELMLEY, President

The Practice Dances.

(With apologies to the "Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of the dances—
When fond recollections come to one and to all;
The building, the dancers in step lightly tripping—
And e'en the hot water obtained in the hall.

How often we've started from home at three-thirty
And rushed to the Gym., yes at McWherter speed—
We see, near the door, the few boys there assembled,
But we hurry on in without giving them heed.

We hear as we enter the results of an effort
By a brilliant hash player to play ragtime galore,
We watch large and small feet with efforts untiring
Try to trip quickly over the unpolished floor.

There are many assembled to tread to the measure,
H. Brand, Triplett, Woodward and Stewart, perchance,
And many more bright too numerous to mention,
Add music and beauty (?) and fun to the dance.

Of all that did chance, 'twere a long tale to tell—
Of the dancers and loafers and who was the belle.
But each was so happy and all were so fair,
That time stole away and at five found them there.

We turn from the scene of our afternoon's pleasure,
And back to our homes and the club-houses go.
Our lessons neglected which might be expected,
From an afternoon's pleasure and no thought of woe.

JACQUELINE CHAMPION.

VIEW OF SMALL SECTION OF MCKNIGHT'S BOOK STORE



Students going out to become teachers will find it convenient to send back to McKnight's Book Store, in Normal, for their Books and Supplies. NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS AND ALL SCHOOL SUPPLIES AT LOWEST PRICES. Mail orders promptly filled.

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THE DREAM

A "Freshie" dreams what he will do to Felmley the next time he is requested to come to the office at the end of the month.

Mr. McCormick spent about fifteen minutes of one recitation of ancient history explaining to the class that since he is an Irishman and they are English or German therefore they did not belong to the same division of the Aryans as he did.

Mr. McCormick (the next day).—Into what races are mankind divided?

Miss Oathout.—Black, yellow, and white; and you and I do not belong to the same race.

Miss Colby said, "How would you feel if you were dropped down in Africa?"

Student.—"I would feel that I had fell a long distance."

NORMAL

KANDY

KITCHEN

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Choice, fresh home-made, kandies

A full line of delicious Chocolates and Bon Bons

We serve ice cream, ice cream soda, lemonade,
coco cola, also milk shake, health's best drink

Ladies and Gents Ice Cream Parlor.

We make our own ice cream; pure
sweet cream used exclusively. Ice
Cream for Sunday dinners a specialty.
Prompt deliveries.

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Enjoy your
meals as at
home ::::

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Mrs. Mary Richards

NEXT DOOR TO BAKERY

SHOES

BERT R. MCREYNOLDS

RUBBERS

NORMAL, ILLINOIS

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106 North Street.

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SOLICITS

A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE

J. F. CRICHFIELD

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

NORMAL, ILL



THE REALIZATION.

Look, stop, read:

\$1,000 reward offered to the person who can discover the important subject that calls for a secret and continuous discussion by Mr. Manchester and Miss Hartmann, every morning during general exercises. President Felmley has repeatedly requested that no whispering be carried on at this time and why these two culprits have never been discovered by his eagle eye, and requested to *stand* is a mystery we should like solved.

There are powerful speeches
And powerful joys.
And Miss Milliken thinks
There are Powerful boys.

It is true that all boys like cake, pies and fudge, but one of the sons of one of our professors, showed his taste for a new article of diet. While dissecting a cow's eye in physiology, he became hungry, and there being nothing else to satisfy his hunger, he ate the crystalline lens. Professor's children will do some of the queerest things.

DRUGGIST

A. E. STOUT

DRUGS, PERFUMES, TOILET GOODS AND JEWELRY.
CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES, BICYCLES, AND SUPPLIES.

FRANK WARD GROCER

AGENT FOR CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE AND WINGOLD FLOUR
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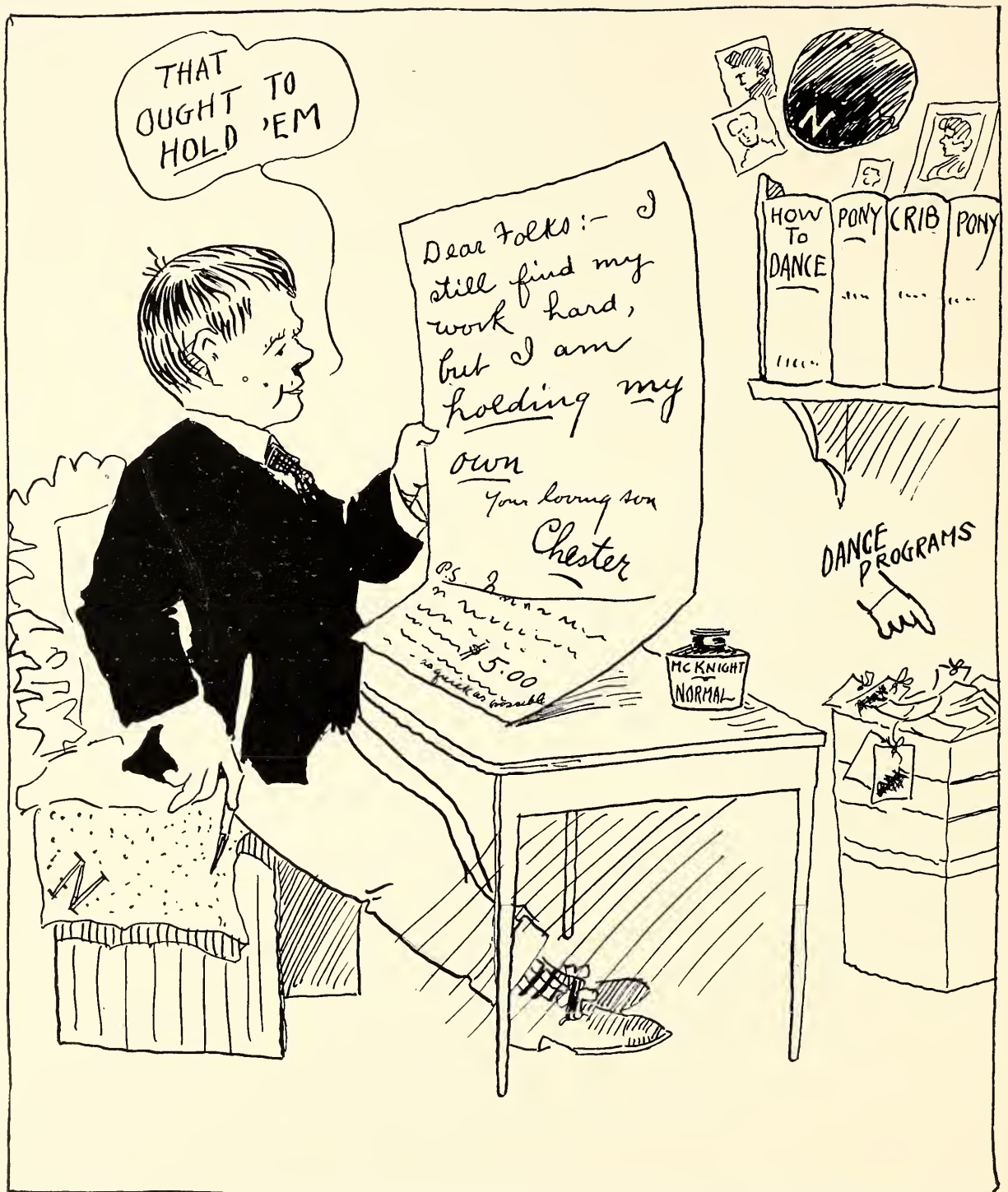
BIG BUSINESS ON A SMALL SCALE IS DONE HERE



We serve a great number of customers with choice Roasts, Chops, Steaks, etc., but we don't keep a large quantity of meat on hand. We receive a fresh supply at frequent intervals, and that is the reason everything is of such delicious flavor. The meats have not become tasteless through a long imprisonment in the ice box.

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, Pork and all game in season.

O. SEIBERT.



The President read the following notice:

"Mrs. Smith would like to see the casts of both the Wrightonian plays this afternoon in Wrightonian Hall, at 3:20."

Mr. Felmley adds, "Will the proper persons see that the casts are carried there?"

F. H. MCINTOSH & M. D. YOUNG

DENTISTS

NEW PHONE 216

SUIT 201 AND 202

THE LIVINGSTON

MILLER'S BARBER SHOP

First-Class Service Newly Equipped Bath Room Three Chairs.

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WILL MOORE

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STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

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ALL KINDS OF
TIN WORK

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How He Holds His Own.

Mr. Wilson, the man of science, reveals a discovery.
Mr. F.—“How many pints in a gallon?”
Wilson.—“Sixteen.”

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Carry the finest lines of

Silks and Dress Goods

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You can always find the newest
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CLOTHING,
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10% Discount to Students and Professors

Southeast Corner Main
and Jefferson Streets

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B I

No. 1. A Painful Operation is Performed at Urbana.

Wants.

WANTED.—A double-header perambulator.

Mr. O. L. M.

WANTED.—Some girl who can dance. Anyone can apply. References necessary but as time is limited they may be dispensed with. Apply to Crist, Stansbury, or Griggs.

WANTED.—Something to *sharpen* my wits.

CHESTER DILLON.

FOR RENT.—Music for dances, on approval. Apply to Leslie Stansbury.

BOSTON STORE

POPULAR GOODS
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Ready-to-Wear Garments

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BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

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Clothing and Gents Furnishings

NOTICE—10 per cent discount to students and ministers

SIG HELDMAN

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Bloomington, Illinois

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McLEAN MOORE SHOE CO.

Bloomington's Largest and Leading Shoe Retailers

Ask Your Careful Inspection of their

SUPERIOR AND SELECT FOOTWEAR

Before Making Your Purchase



No. 2. The Result.

WANTED.—To exchange a “couch” for some other article of furniture.
MISS ADAH SKINNER.

WANTED.—Another new way of getting excused from general exercises.
FLORENCE BENNET.

WANTED.—A dictionary. A good, solid thick one is desired as I need it to sit on in economics class to see the teacher.
IDA MAE HATCHER.

WANTED.—To find a person who thinks the INDEX editors are O. K.



Bloomington, Illinois North Side Square

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OUTER GARMENTS
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The only line of Women's Outer Wearing Apparel shown in Bloomington, that combines Smart Style, Fine Quality Fabrics, Beautiful Workmanship and Perfect Fitting Garments.
AT POPULAR PRICES

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CLOTHES, HATS, SHOES AND
FURNISHINGS

At the Modern Store

CARLOCK BROS.

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"A Shop for Men."

**STUDENTS SPECIAL RATES
SPECIAL PENNANT CARDS**

BEST PHOTOS

Come and See Us

C. U. WILLIAMS

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

The Index, 1906

Miss Ela after having taken quite a little time to show us the meaning of the word "repose" in works of art attempts to push forward with her work.

Miss Ela says, "Why should not flowers be used as ornaments, Mr. Barton,"

Mr. Barton (awakening from his slumbers).—"I am still thinking of that term 'repose.'"

In the percentage class.

Miss Earhart.—"Has June always thirty days?"

Miss Hartmann.—"As long as I can remember and that has been for the past 55 years."

Problem.—When did Miss Hartmann begin to remember?

Mr. Howe (in Geom. class).—"Now Coith, show these young men what a model demonstration is."

Coith (as first bell rings) to Mr. Howe.—"Is that the last bell?"

Student in the office at the end of the month.—"What did you get in percentage this month?"

A Fortunate Friend.—"70."

Student.—"Oh you had a passing knowledge of it, eh?"

We always laugh at faculty jokes,
No matter how bad they may be!
Not because they're such witty folks,
But because its policy.—*Ex.*

Miss C. Coith, with a far-away lok in her eyes.—"I am dreaming of my youth."

There is one thing striking about class spirit here and that is—the lack of it.

The Champaign boom train was in town. May Meyer to a U. of I. fellow she had lately picked up.—"S a y, y o u c a n t i e y o u r p e n n a n t o n m y u m b r e l l a i f y o u w a n t t o."

As the train is about to pull out and the U. of I. chap is boarding it.—"Say, I want my umbrelly!"

HERRICK & ECKART CO.

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Quality the best. Prices the lowest.

Double Store,

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*WANTS YOUR BUSINESS AND
WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT*

YOURS FOR CORRECT TAILORING

W. P. BOLLES

313 NORTH MAIN STREET



The Greenhouse

CLOTHING

FURNISHINGS

HATS

MOBERLY & LOAR

You would hardly believe that cloth, shears, and brains could mould such faultless garments ready-to-walk-out-in.

Saves a month's time, half your money, and insures satisfaction.

Foolish to fool with a tailor in view of our achievements.

Our success proves that men are growing cloths-buying wise!

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"BLOOMINGTON'S LEADING DRY GOODS RETAILERS"

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Bunnell Bros.

EXPERT SHOE FITTERS

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

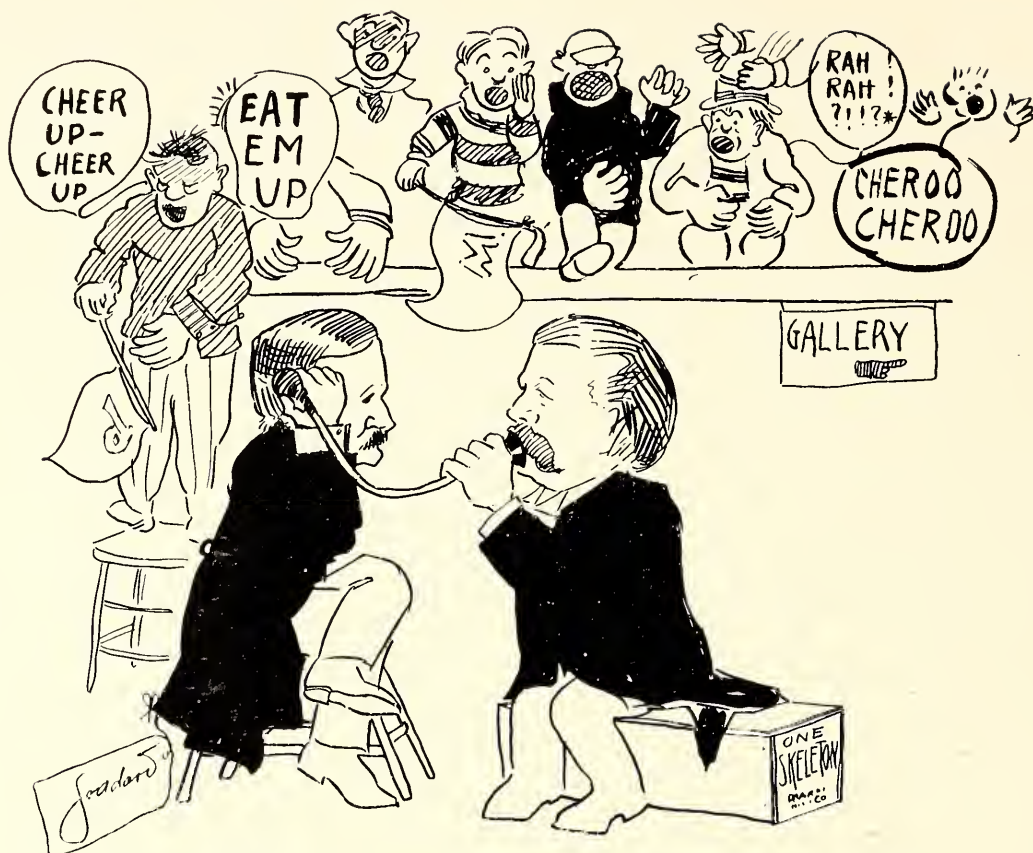
If you think all ready-made clothes are alike you have not seen the clothing handled by COSTELLO & O'MALLEY.

The way they look is one difference and a big one.

Try a COSTELLO & O'MALLEY suit and you will find it far better than the average custom tailor's work.

317 NORTH MAIN ST.

COSTELLO & O'MALLEY



A Suggestion as to How a Conversation may be carried on during a Basket Ball Game.

May M.—“Sometimes, I feel like turning Episcopalian, instead of Baptist.”

Student.—“You like the service, do you?”

May M.—“Yes, I like all that kind of business.”

The usual monthly round-up arrived.

Miss Krieger to another senior.—Say, I am going to see if my name isn't down on the list in the office. Do you know some of the brightest and best students in the school were reported this month. I *must* go down and see!”

A BOOM TRAIN INCIDENT.

U. of I. chap accosts some Normal girls.—“Say, do you know Alice Styles? Is she in Bloomington, tonight?”

Girls exchange knowing glances.

U. of I. chap.—“Alice Styles is my cousin, don't you know?”

MILLER

School Emblems of all kinds.
The best Alarm Clocks, \$1.00.

THE JEWELER

All kinds of watch and
Jewelry Repairing.

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WM. FAHEY

Retailer of Nice Shoes

Member of Merchants'
Shoe Syndicate.

WEST SIDE SQUARE
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

YOUR shirts have probably been ironed by the old roller process—because until recently this was the best that could be had.

You have undoubtedly noticed that your open front shirts get creased in ironing; one side is longer than the other, and your neckbands are stretched so your collars will not fit.

That is why the center band on your negligee shirts look spotty and the buttons “nest.”

To overcome this we have installed the new **HAGEN PRESSURE SYSTEM** of ironing shirts, bands and cuffs, and you will have no complaint of this character if we do your work.

This system is a *new one*, and we have adopted it of course, as we aim to keep in the lead in all improvements in all the improvements in laundry machinery.

With the assistance of this system we apply a starched fabric to a smooth, steam heated metallic surface by a firm pressure from a padded surface, with the result that the fabric will be found to be ironed as smooth and even as the metal surface which it faced.

There will be no flaws in the surface, there will be no creases, no blisters, no shiny spots, no stretching of bands. The ironing will be as clear and even as a marble slab. It will be ironed in the highest sense of the word.

Come in and see us we will be glad to have you follow our process from the time the clothes reach us until they are ready to be delivered to the driver.

TROY LAUNDRY COMPANY

BOTH TELEPHONES: OLD MAIN 96; NEW, 218.

311-313-315 SOUTH CENTER ST.

I. S. N. U. Men's Outfitters

Clothing is clothing, but College Men's clothing is of “different” kind. The snap and style must be different from the ordinary clothing. For several years we have made a specialty of Adler's Collegian Clothing, which has so far never “flunked” on any set of questions propounded by college men. Their record at I. S. N. U. is sufficient evidence of their popularity.

Hats or Caps. That individuality of dress which so characterizes the college man is greatly augmented by the headdress. The college hat serves as a class as well as a school distinction. “Young's” hats in the college shapes have long been a favorite brand. If you want a hat, cap or special type of head-gear let us know it and we will be pleased to handle your order.

Furnishings are a most important part of one's apparel. The correctly dressed men are very careful about their shirts, collars and neckties and find that we have the latest and best there is on hand at all times. College sweaters and uniforms of any kind for college wear can be had from us on short notice. In fact we take pleasure in showing our stock to college men and invite you to visit us.

10% Discount to College Men.

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THE COLLEGE MAN'S CLOTHIER,

Corner Front and Center,
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KING DAVID.

Exclusive Millinery House

ATTRACTIVE
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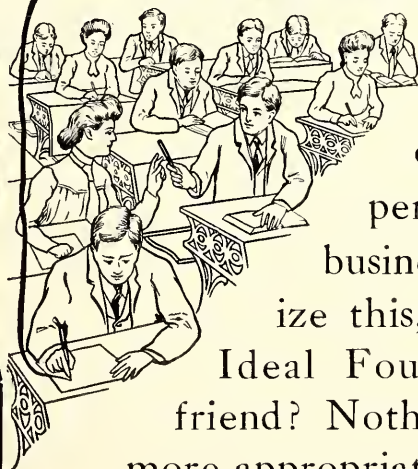
Millinery is our Specialty and the business we do is on a large scale. You are assured of correct styles in wearing

SEIBEL HATS.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

Commencement



If you would be successful—save time. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is one of the greatest time savers of the period. It is a necessity to everyone in a business or professional career. If you realize this, why not make a gift of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen to some graduating friend? Nothing is more acceptable, nothing more appropriate.

Pens of our manufacture have been in use since first made, twenty-two years ago, and they are as good to-day as ever. They are more essential to success to-day than ever.

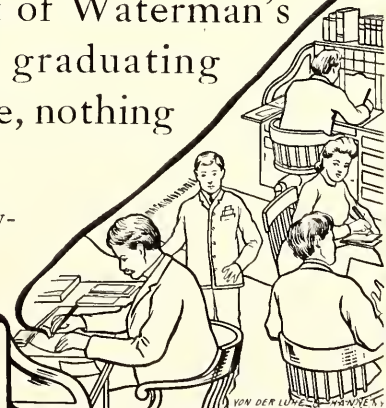
L.E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.

209 STATE ST., CHICAGO

8 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON

18 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL



IN PSYCHOLOGY.

Miss styles.—“A young chick eight years old was placed in a pen.”

(Laughter in class.)

Mr. Holmes.—“Your diction is faulty, you mean an old hen don’t you?”

Miss Niestradt in history of Illinois.—“He fell dead and was killed by a rifle.”

Miss Meyer (while relating how she came to go on a picnic memorial day).—“Well, you see, I had to go along to stop the train?”

Miss S.—“I’ve heard of people stopping clocks, Miss Meyer, but did you really stop a train.”

Miss Meyer.—“Well, you see they had nine and there has to be ten or the train wouldn’t have stopped at that station.”

In physiology :

Miss A.—“When a child comes bursting in a warm room—”

Mr. Colton (indignantly).—“I don’t know what you mean. I want you to understand there is a great deal of difference in a child’s bursting *in* a room and bursting *into* a room.”

Mr. Colton (after carefully surveying the class).—“I don’t see any red neckties or ribbons here this morning so I am going to give vent to my feelings. We all love flowers. I know of nothing more pleasing than a soft, fragrant bed of wild flowers. But some people do not have a very appreciative sense of what real beauty is. Such a glaring color is hard on the eyes. Look at that bed of fiery red tulips out there! It looks like a horrible sea of blood! I despise it! Who could help but rave! (Grows louder) I am very indignant because I must pass so near it when I go along the walk! Every time I go by there, I lose control of myself! I simply have — — — ? ? * ! (Collapses.)

Mr. Colton.—“What evidence have we that woman is less important than man?”

Miss C.—“I do not know, Mr. Colton.”

Mr. Colton.—“Well then, I’ll tell you; the Bible tells us that she is merely a side issue.”

C. W. KLEMM



I. S. N. U. Shopping Place

We are always up to the minute in styles for college women. Our dress goods and silks stocks are larger than can be found elsewhere. The tailored goods department is growing to be more popular each season and our millinery is unsurpassed for popularity. If you want anything—

“Get it at Klemm’s”

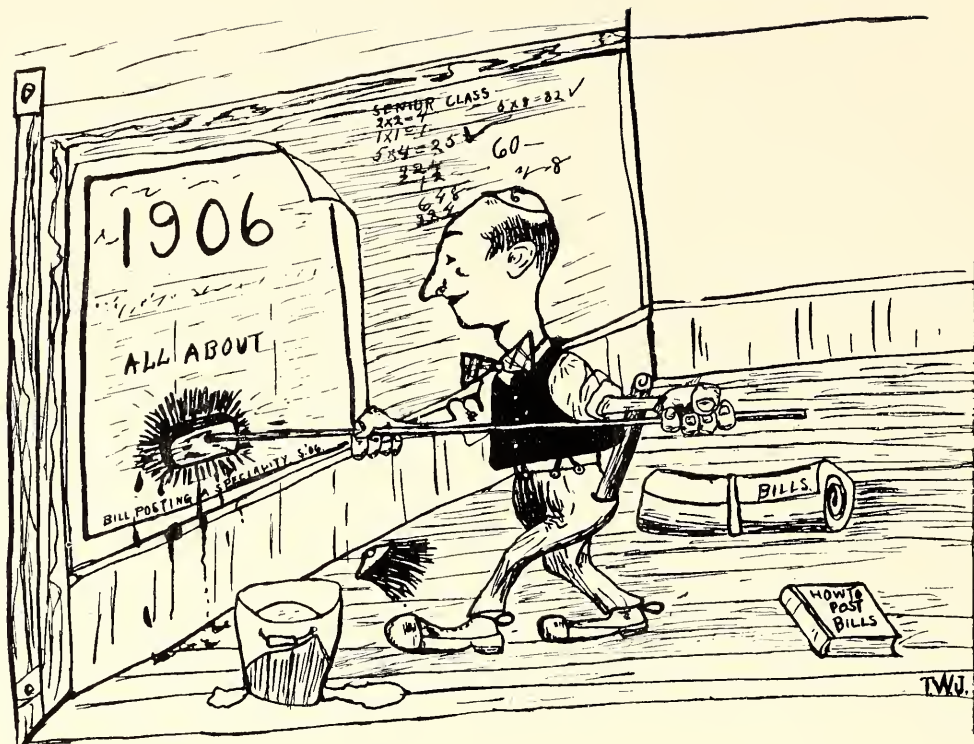
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Holder Athey Hardware Co.

500 styles pocket knives 5c to \$5.00. Gillette and Gem Safety Razors. Large stock elegant Hammocks cheap. Manual Training School Supplies.

305 N. Main St., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.



The Seniors Acquire the Art of Bill Posting.

Interpretive Reading. From *The Rivals*.—"Now Jack I am sensible that the income of your commission," etc.

Miss Davies in interpretation.—"Jack, no one is more sensible than I."

Plane Geometry. Mr. Howe.—"When you read an angle where does the middle letter fall?"

Mr. Breidecker.—"In the middle."

Com. Geog. Mr. Ridgley.—"How far is it from here to New York City?"

Miss Kindt.—"400,000 miles."

Mr. Isaac Wilson—in answer to question, "Who was J. Quincy Adams' mother?"

"Mrs. Adams."

Having heard that the hairs of his head are numbered, Mr. Solomon would like to apply for a few back numbers.

MAYES
Photographer
EDDY BUILDING

Jaccards

Importers, Manufacturers, Society Stationers

One of the largest assortments of the finest goods in the world. Those who appreciate elegance and artistic merit are sure to be pleased here. "*First in Quality.*"

WHEN IN ST. LOUIS you are especially invited to call and see our collection of Diamonds, Watches, Silver and China-ware, Cut Glass, Clocks, Music Boxes, Stationery Electroliers, Bric-a-Brac, etc. You will be cordially welcomed whether you make a purchase or not.

MERMOD, JACCARD & KING
BROADWAY, COR. LOCUST
ST. LOUIS

The Index, 1906

Student.—“Say? Going to feed your face?”

Second Student.—“No, going to face my feed.”

Mr. Blackburn is not as religious as he formerly was. He has quit calling on the Parson.

Miss Gowdy.—“The order of this phrase, ‘the children, full of joy,’ is essentially English. In German, the phrase, the ‘full of joy children,’ would be perfectly good English.”

Mr. McWherter has decided not to go on the road. The ties are too secure.

NATURE STUDY NOTES.

How to kill mosquitoes. Catch the mosquito carefully by the hind legs. Open its jaws with a can opener and delicately insert butter down its throat with a hot awl. The mosquito may die instantly.

Mr. Stewart is seen by a student group holding consultation with the red-headed boy who lives on North street. Later the red-headed boy who has just received a letter to mail overtakes the group and addresses them as follows:

“Are you going to the postoffice?”

“Yes.”

“So am I, and if I get this letter dirty, I’ll get ———.”

A SILLY GISM (Syllogism.)

Little boys come to school to improve their faculties.

Their teachers are their faculties.

Therefore little boys come to school to improve their teachers.

Several of the children of the practice school after having seen Stanbury in the company of Ethel Collier on several occasions conclude she is his wife, and make an effort to remind each one of the fact on every possible occasion. One noon, Miss Weir was seen by the same youngsters in company with the above mentioned young man and one was heard to exclaim: “We know now. Miss Collier is Mr. Stanbury’s wife and Miss Weir is his hired girl.”

THE CLASS OF 1906 OF THE I. S. N. U.

HAS CONTRACTED ITS

PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

TO THE



SPAFFORD & CABLE STUDIOS



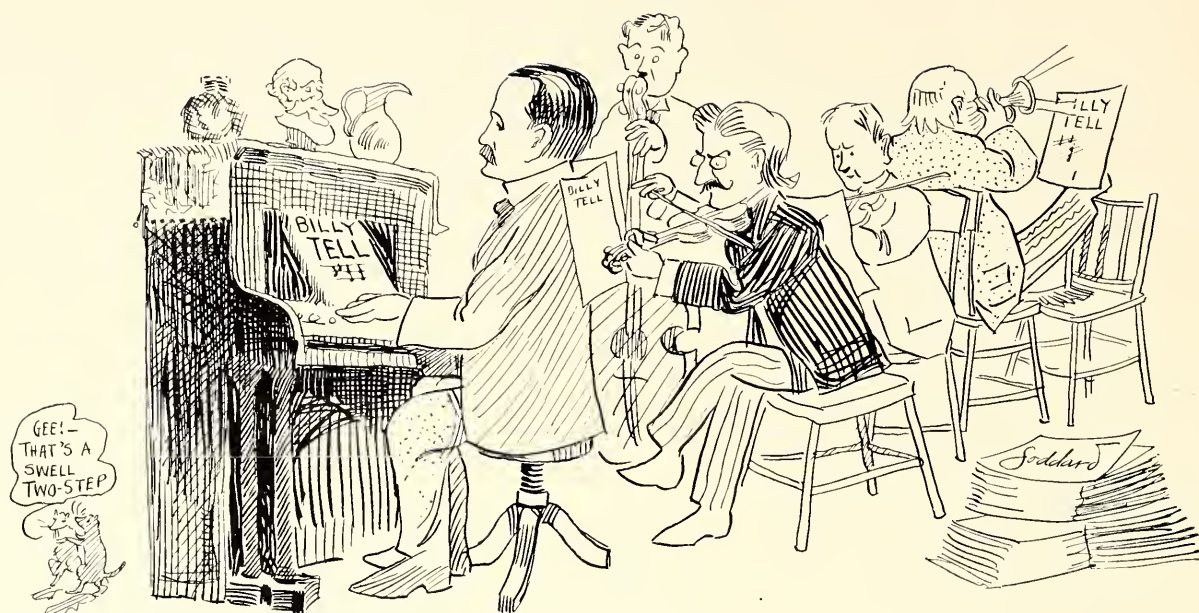
We will give every student of the I. S. N. U. the benefit of our special low prices for the very best photography.

Our remodeled and modern equipped studio offers facilities surpassed by no other in the state, and all work is promptly finished.

Visitors are especially invited to call and inspect our exhibit of up-to-date photography.

402 NORTH MAIN ST.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.



THE ORCHESTRA.

On December 6, Mr. Felmley seated the newcomers according to the part each took in singing.

Mr. Felmley.—“Are you a contralto?”

Freshman.—“No, sir, I am a new student.”

Edna Coith in economics class while explaining the fish problem makes the assertion that twelve men will fish on the lake, eight on the brook and fifty-seven and a half on the sea.

Miss Ela, in describing the different forms of architecture, endeavored to make the students see the marked difference between Roman and Renaissance art by the following sentence: “That ‘dinkey’ piece of architecture is the Renaissance.” The class titter and some wonder how Miss Colby would look using this expression. Evidently her frequent addresses on the proper use of speech at faculty meetings have not had the desired effect on some members of that illustrious body.

In discussing the subject of monopoly in economics, Mr. Manchester cited the Keeley Cure as one form of monopoly, and went on further to explain a little about the institution. Goddard, always ready with some little stunt, corrects the teacher. Manchester replies that Goddard has been there of late and probably better informed than himself.

ART PURVEYORS

TO THE

COLLEGE MAN.

We, of the Class of '91, have devoted these 19 years of business life to making the best engravings in the commercial art trade. And always have we specialized on college work, keeping up with its growing demands, evolving ideas for its betterment, and every year turning out the Annuals that have made certain institutions famous. Never contract for the illustrating and printing of a college publication until you hear what Stafford has to say and to suggest. Start the book right and it will make a fat profit. We know the business end of the College Annual business.

WRITE US FOR EVIDENCE.

STAFFORD ENGRAVING CO.

INDIANAPOLIS.

"THE HOUSE OF IDEAS" - ESTABLISHED 1891



Stahl Hits a Lucky Curve.

Miss Stephens.—“Give the next corollary, the boy in front of Mr. Stahl (pointing to Mr. Reinhart) I don’t know your name.”

Otto Reinhart.—I don’t either————the corollary, I mean.

Miss R. Felmley in algebra.—“Wouldn’t the cube root of 9 square do?”

Miss Hartman.—“If you wished to use 5 eggs to make a cake, you wouldn’t break 40, would you?”

Miss F.—“I would if some were bad.”

Mr. Ridgely.—“In which part of North America will you find tropical forests?”

Mae Meyer.—“In South America.”

We Were Established in 1846

Many of the graduates of the I. S. N. U. tell their sons and daughters to trade with the Pantagraph Ptg. and Sta. Co.

These fathers and mothers traded with us when they attended the Normal.

Your boys and girls will probably trade with us when they come here to be educated.

We do business in a way that enables us to keep on forever.

OUR NEW PLANT ERECTED BY US
FOR OUR OWN USE IS LOCATED
AT CORNER MADISON AND JEF-
FERSON STREETS.

Pantagraph Ptg. and Sta. Co.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.



THE MONTHLY RECEPTION.

In literature class while discussing the nomadic traits which our generation has inherited.

Miss Colby.—“I have often thought that my ancestors were tramps.”

Miss Stephens.—“So have I.”

Miss Hartmann to Mr. Lucas.—“Now, Mr. Lucas, tell me what a related magnitude is.”

Mr. Lucas.—“A related magnitude is a magnitude having length, breadth and thickness as its magnitude forms a magnitude which is related to some other magnitude.”

Miss Hartmann.—Such a magnitude exactly resembles you. I am glad you are not related to me. Be seated.”

Be particular about what
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The Index, 1906

Interpretive reading.—Miss Selby, "I don't know how to appear old."

Did you ever hear of the Dred-Scott case? -

No! But I've heard of the Scott-Sweaney case.

How can you have experience if you don't experiment?

"Little" Miss Harned.

Goddard.—"They had just been given a lesson on subtraction of dates."

Stahl.—"Subtraction of dates?" "Why, I just had a date subtracted the other night."

After the Hahn Orchestra, Miss Harned.—"Me and another bald-head-man sat on the front row."

English Literature.—Miss Colby, "Hav'n't you read your lesson, Mrs. Anderson?"

Mrs. Anderson attempting to open an uncut double leaf.—"Not between these two pages."

Phonics.—Mrs. Smith: "Miss Davies give a word containing the *long* sound e."

Miss Davies.—"Me."

Economics.—Mr. Manchester, to Miss Coith (Clara): "Do you mean to say you have read U. S. History and have not noticed this?"

Miss Coith.—"I suppose I did some time in my youth but," (laughter).

"Dyspepsia eats too much and died." (Heard from Mr. Sixto Maceda in Mr. Woodward's composition class.)

Miss Showalter.—In answer to question about whether (as subject of her theme) she would take a kitchen in the country or city, "I haven't decided, yet."

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